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NWPTON, R. I.

Entered as Second Class Mailer at the Postoffice at Newport, R. I., under the Act of 1879.

Established June, 1769. And is now in its one hundred and sixtieth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and with less than half a dozen exceptions the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany, and valuable farm and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters

BOARD OF ALDERMEN

At the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, bids were opened for \$76,000 in Bellevue avenue pavement bonds and the prices were found to be high, the bonds going above par. The best bid was from Estabrook & Co., of Boston, at 100.146. This is the best price that has been secured for a long time.

There was considerable discussion regarding poles in the outer Broadway section, property owners on side streets protesting against the erection of new poles. The matter was laid over to give the Company a chance to work out a plan by using poles in the rear of the buildings, on private land.

The contract for printing the voting lists for the city election was awarded to the Mercury Publishing Company. Much routine business was transacted.

HOTEL ACTIVITY

The first meeting of the board of directors of the Community Hotel Corporation was held on Tuesday evening. The board decided to go ahead with construction as quickly as possible, and to this end appointed an executive committee to arrange for taking over the Hill Top Inn property, secure an architect and get in correspondence with hotel operators who might care to lease the property. This committee consists of President H. A. Titus, Vice President James T. O'Connell, Secretary William P. Shefford, Treasurer George W. Bacheller, Jr., and Mr. Charles Tisdall.

Mr. Bacheller reported that the first payments on the stock pledges are coming in well, and that there will apparently be little trouble in collecting the amounts as they fall due.

Judge Sumner has found considerable civil business in the Superior Court this week, several jury trials having been held. Next week will be devoted to equity cases and contested divorce cases. In the case of Harry Brooks vs. I. J. Josephson, to recover on a promissory note, the Court directed a verdict for the plaintiff. The Muenchingen will case was begun on Thursday and gives promise of taking considerable time.

Rev. Louis J. Deady, who was rector of St. Joseph's Church in this city for a number of years, died in Pawtucket on Thursday after a considerable illness. He was appointed pastor of St. Joseph's in 1895, remaining here for about ten years. During his administration the first steps were taken toward the erection of the new church property on Broadway.

Mr. John H. Brierley has sailed for California to make his home with his daughter, who has been living there for some years. Mr. Brierley is making the trip by the Panama Canal.

Chief of Police Patrick J. Sweeney is spending his vacation in New York.

SULLIVAN AND SMITH

It looks very much as if there would be but two candidates for Mayor at the city election in December—Mayor Mortimer A. Sullivan and Mr. Herbert W. Smith. Mr. H. A. Titus had been prominently mentioned as a candidate, but friends of Mr. Titus and Mr. Smith had a conference on Tuesday, at which an agreement was reached that the former should withdraw and leave Mr. Smith alone to make the run against Mayor Sullivan. This is a much better way than to have a host of candidates in the field, and gives the people a better opportunity to express their preference.

There will doubtless be plenty of candidates for the board of aldermen and representative council, as many papers are already in circulation for signatures. The four retiring members of the School Committee have indicated their intentions of being candidates for re-election and there may be others in the field.

Registry voters at the city election can vote only for Mayor and School Committee. Previous to the State election many names were transferred from the personal property section of the voting lists to the registry section because their personal property taxes had not been paid. If these taxes are paid before the final canvass for the city election, the names will go back on the taxpaying section, which will enable them to vote for Aldermen and Councilmen. It is generally regarded as doubtful, however, if there will be any concerted effort made to secure payment of these taxes.

FOR VETERANS' HOSPITAL

There is a possibility that Fort Greble may be rescued from its present state of decay and put to a more useful purpose. It has been proposed to turn the whole plant into a hospital for the care of disabled war veterans, and steps will be taken at the next session of Congress to secure the necessary legislation.

Since the close of the war, Fort Greble has been practically abandoned by the Army, there being no garrison there. The buildings are still serviceable, but it will not take them long to decay unless they are used. The location would seem to be an ideal one for such a purpose.

There was a lively blaze in the shoe repairing shop in the old Allman building on Thames street on Tuesday morning, which for a short time gave promise of real trouble.

When the department arrived in response to an alarm on the private box of the Bijou Theatre, water and chemical streams quickly knocked the flames down before the wood-work had time to thoroughly ignite.

The interior fittings were pretty well destroyed and some damage was done to the building, but the radio store of Burns & Dawley on one side and the jewelry store of Lippitt on the other escaped damage.

It is reported that the Weyerhaeuser Company, one of the biggest concerns of the kind in the United States, has purchased a large tract of land on the water front at Bristol ferry and will shortly erect a large distributing station there to supply the New England trade.

The annual football game between Middlesex School of Concord, Mass., and St. George's School, was played on the local grounds in Middletown on Wednesday, and the visitors carried off the victory by a score of 26 to 0. This is the big event in the fall term of St. George's.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael M. Van Beuren have purchased the former Mott place, long known as "Gray Crag," and will probably restore the property. It has stood in ruins ever since the fire a number of years ago.

General James Parker was the speaker before the Lions Club on Thursday, reading an interesting paper on "Armistice Day."

A new bus line is now in operation between Newport and Fall River, leaving Newport every two hours.

JOHN ASPEGREN

Mr. John Aspegren, a prominent summer resident of Newport, died at the Roosevelt Hospital last Saturday afternoon, following an operation. He had been critically ill for several days, and it was feared that he could not survive.

Mr. Aspegren had been a summer resident of Newport for about five years, having purchased the former Mr. Mortimer Brooks property on Bellevue avenue, which he had improved very materially. He was active in the social events of the season here, and his home had been the scene of several very brilliant entertainments. Some time ago he instituted a suit against the city on the ground that his property had been over-assessed and the Superior Court returned a verdict in his favor, on effect that is expected to be far-reaching among the large property owners here.

Mr. Aspegren was born in Sweden in 1876, and came to New York in 1899, founding the commission house now known as Aspegren & Co. He was very successful in his business dealings and was connected with a number of important enterprises.

He is survived by a widow, one son and one daughter, the son being a student at St. George's School.

ASA B. KENNAN

Mr. Asa B. Kennan for many years a resident of Newport, died very suddenly in Providence on Saturday. He had made his home in that city for about five years, and his death occurred while he was in a paper store waiting for a car to take him to his place of employment.

Mr. Kennan came to Newport in 1895 as chief clerk of the United States Engineers. He continued his residence here until the removal of the office to Providence, when his duties compelled him to remove also.

A short time ago, he was retired, and had since been engaged in the commission business. His health had been poor for some time.

Mr. Kennan was well known in Newport and was highly esteemed. He was a member of the Masonic bodies, and also of Coronet Council, Royal Arcanum. He was for many years treasurer and executive officer of the Miantonomi Club, at the time of the greatest prosperity of that organization. He had served for two years President of the Rhode Island Society, Sons of the Revolution.

He is survived by a widow and two daughters.

DR. WILLIAM T. BULL

Dr. William T. Bull, a son of the late Henry Bull of this city, died on Saturday at Asheville, N. C., where he had spent several months for the benefit of his health. He had been in a weakened condition for a long time.

Dr. Bull was best known to the world in general as a famous athlete and coach. He was a member of one of the greatest football teams that Yale ever put up, and after his graduation from that University he had devoted a large part of his time to coaching the younger generation of athletes.

He had served in this capacity not only at Yale, but also at West Point and the Carlisle Indian School. A few years ago the name of Billy Bull was one to conjure with in the minds of the youth of the land.

He was a physician and surgeon by profession, and had practiced in several different cities.

He leaves a widow, two daughters and one son; also a sister, Miss Alice Bull, of this city. Funeral services were held in New Haven, and the remains were brought to this city for interment in the family plot.

There was a large attendance at the reception tendered to Mrs. Maude Howe Elliott at the Art Association on Saturday evening in honor of her seventieth birthday. A feature of the evening was the presentation of a purse of gold, amounting to \$3000, the gift of her many friends.

Work on Bellevue avenue is progressing well and the lower section has been opened to travel from Bailey's Beach to Wheatland avenue.

REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL

The representative council held a short and businesslike session Wednesday evening. A quorum was present when the roll was called and the members proceeded to attend to city affairs without unceasing delay. The resolution authorizing the issue of \$170,000 in short term notes was passed after Chairman Bacheller had explained that the First National Bank had declined to certify the bond issue previously ordered, until after legislative authority had been obtained.

The salaries of the Mayor and aldermen were fixed at the same amounts as last year—\$2,500 for the former and 1,000 for the latter.

The sum of \$487 was appropriated to repair the Newport Beach Association for repairs to buildings following a fire.

The committee on re-numbering the streets reported that the expense of a complete re-numbering would amount to about \$5000, and they considered this too much for the city to spend at the present time. They recommended that the City Engineer be directed to re-number those streets on which the greatest confusion exists now. The recommendation was adopted.

Considerable routine business was transacted.

ARMISTICE DAY

Tuesday was very generally observed as Armistice Day in Newport, with a parade and exercises at the City Hall in the morning, and the annual ball of the American Legion at Masonic Hall in the evening. There was a general closing of business places in the morning, with the exception of the dry goods and department stores, and some establishments remained closed throughout the day.

The parade in the morning was an impressive one, being under the command of General James Parker of Portsmouth, a distinguished veteran of the war. The line was made up of the Coast Artillery from Fort Adams, the Marines from the Torpedo Station, the Apprentices from the Training Station, the Newport Artillery, and Veteran organizations. There were three bands of music.

Upon arriving at the City Hall the line was halted and the organizations were massed about the Memorial, where impressive exercises were held. Addresses were delivered by Mayor Mortimer A. Sullivan and Commander Marlon Eppley. There was a wealth of floral tributes at the base of the Memorial.

UNITY CLUB

The opening meeting of the Unity Club for the season of 1924-25 was held on Tuesday evening, with President Holt presiding. A number of new members were elected, and considerable business was transacted.

Following the business session, an excellent musical program was given under the direction of Mrs. Louise G. Greene. Refreshments were served and dancing followed.

The first dramatic reading will be held on Tuesday evening, November 25, when the entertaining comedy, "Kempy," will be produced under the direction of Mrs. Alvah H. Sanborn.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick P. Garrison have returned from New York.

Mr. William A. Leys is enjoying his annual vacation.

PORTSMOUTH

Mr. Clinton Pacheco is at the Newport Hospital as a result of a shooting accident. Last week several young men were in David P. Hedley's Tire Shop near Cosy Corner, when Mr. Darrill Cornell was showing a new revolver to the young men. It was accidentally discharged, the shot passing through Mr. Pacheco's elbow. The bone was badly splintered.

Miss Mary Paquin, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Paquin, and Mr. Fred Armbrust, son of Mr. and Mrs. Armbrust of Jamestown, were united in marriage recently at the home of the bride. The young couple received many valuable gifts.

Mrs. William Allen has returned to her home after an operation at the Newport Hospital for the removal of her tonsils.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE

The monthly meeting of the School Committee was held on Monday evening, when considerable business was transacted. High School matters were discussed at some length and it developed that some of the pupils who have not secured keys for their lockers, are still losing articles thereto. The committee recommended that they obtain keys and keep their things locked up.

Applications were made for the use of the Rogers Gym and Mr. Clarke suggested that removable bleachers be secured, doing away with the gallery seats.

The report of Superintendent Lull contained the following items:

Total enrollment 4467; average number belonging 4370.3; average attending 4174.4; per cent of attendance 95.6; cases of tardiness 180;

cases of truancy before the end of a session 68. The total is 4467, or 8 fewer than at the corresponding time last year. The enrollment in the Rogers is 941 which is a loss of 41. The total number of tardiness shows an improvement in both the grades and the Rogers over last month.

The permits issued and used numbered 660, or 18 fewer than last year. They were distributed as follows:

Kinderhook 250; grade I, 100;

grades II-IX, 140; Rogers, 66.

ABSENCES

Sixty sessions by 14 teachers; 4 sessions by 2 assistants.

TARDINESS

Five sessions by four teachers; one session by one assistant.

BOARD OF HEALTH

Since the last meeting of this board five cases of diphtheria and two cases of scarlet fever have been reported and three pupils besides those ill have been excluded.

TOWNSEND

The vocational and industrial class in carpentry began Monday, November 8, under the direction of Benjamin T. Leland, state supervisor of trade and industrial education and taught by Jesse G. Pitman. The class consists of 16 carpenters' apprentices.

COLES

The class in applied science began Wednesday evening, November 22, with an enrollment of 18. It is taught by Robert W. Perry, one of the teachers of science in the Rogers, who is a graduate of Worcester Technical.

EVENING SCHOOLS

The average attendance at the end of the fifth week was as follows:

Elementary 18.3 men; 11.3 women.

Stenography 11.3 men, 31.9 women.

Typewriting 13.0 men 42.3 women.

Mechanical drawing 16.2 men.

Applied Science 19.2 men.

Carpentry, 15.5 men.

Total 95 men; 85.5 women.

GIFTS

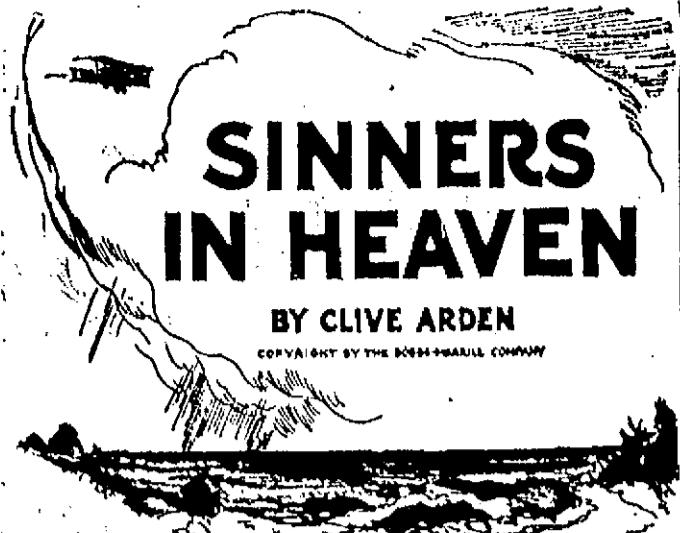
The John Clarke has received from Mrs. Elizabeth Powell the two volume edition of the "Personal Memories of Ulysses S. Grant."

The Rogers is indebted to Albert B. Crandall for a large picture of Alfred University and to Miss Amelia M. Greene for 29 pictures of the buildings and two larger pictures of the shields and crests of Oxford University.

The higher elementary grades received several hundred copies of "The Story of the Pilgrim Fathers" from a Boston firm.

PAUL JOSEPH KOEHN

From the city clerk's office have come two official copies of the gifts of Charles H. Kochne, Jr., in memory of his son, Paul Joseph, who died a year ago last Friday. The first gift was a bronze bust of Beethoven and marble pedestal properly inscribed and the



SINNERS IN HEAVEN

BY CLIVE ARDEN

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Synopsis

PART I—Living in the small English village of Darbury, old-fashioned and soda-free place, Barbara Stockley, daughter of a widowed mother, is soon to celebrate her marriage to Hugh Roosdale, rich and well connected. Barbara is adventurous, and has planned, with an aunt, an airplane trip to Australia. Major Alan Croft, famous as an aviator, is to be the pilot. At their first meeting with Croft, Barbara is attracted by his manner and conversation, different from the cold, strict conventions of her small town.

They set out, Barbara, her aunt, Croft, and a mechanic. Word in a few days comes to Darbury that this plane is missing and its occupants believed lost.

II

At mid-day the heat became excessive. Mercilessly the sun, like a quivering mass of molten steel, beat down upon the shore; no breath of wind stirred the hot air; the lagoon, with its almost indigo blue, assumed an oily, sluggish appearance, as it sinking to sleep with the lowering tide.

Within the shade of the angle formed by one side of the hut and the hill behind, Barbara lay inert upon a soft, if simple, couch of sun-dried coals. Feeling that the ground swayed and rolled like a mountainous sea if she endeavored to rise, she gave up the attempt, and lay motionless, with closed eyes.

Nearby were some untouched bananas and a broken omelet, the shell of which was filled with water and placed upright between three stones. From within the hut came the noise of splitting sticks, as if somebody were breaking the bamboo canes which, crossed and interlaced, formed its structure.

The girl listened, wondering daily at the endurance of her companion, full of a miserable sense of shame at her own weakness. Without pausing for rest, after stretching their coats and preparing food, he had begun clearing and improving this dreary abode—carrying down broken portions from the ruined abbey for a door, stretching other canes and palm-leaves for mending the thatched roof.

Presently, hot and disheveled, he appeared. He had shed all his clothes except breeches and shirt, and looked, she thought, strangest in keeping with the scene around them. This was her first experience of a man whose life had been spent chiefly in wild surroundings, often upon but the fringes of civilization; whose abundant vitality responded to the call of untamed nature in a way that proved he had not been shocked by chafes of coarctation closing round him, fetter by fetter, as the years passed.

"That's done!" he said briskly. He sat down and proceeded to peel and eat bananas with considerable relish. "I feel so useless!" she exclaimed, miserably. "Such a hindrance instead of a help. It would have been wiser to have left me in the water. You would get on better alone. We shall only die lingering deaths here, if we ever do come."

"Pushed if I mean to die!" he protested, between two large mouthfuls of fruit. "Nor shall you!"

Thrusting away his banana-stalks, he rose and surveyed the water; then he came close to her, lowering over her, as it seemed to her excited fancy.

"I'm going to try to reach the machine. I may be able to rescue our luggage and provisions."

"Oh no, no, no!" she cried wildly. "Suppose you get drowned! Never mind luggage! What does that matter? Oh! don't leave me all alone—Terrified, she tried to reach some part of him, to restrain him by force.

He caught her arms, raising her to his feet and supporting her.

"Listen!" he commanded in a tone which checked her agitation. "It's not only luggage! I want to save the wireless transmitting set."

"Wireless?" Radiant relief overspread her face. "Why—then we can soon get rescued after all! I forgot about that."

"You wouldn't rely too much on it. It will be only the short range set. The long range used on board will radiate its electrical energy from a generator run from one of the engines and is therefore useless now."

Her eagerness for this new hope to be tested was still modified by fears concerning the risks of his venture. He pointed out the shallowness of the water and the scattered little coral islands. "The tide's low enough now for me to wade to that one nearest the reef. From there it's quite a short distance, if swimming is necessary."

"I will wade with you!"

"The devil you won't!" He snatched round upon her. "Look here! There never to go to the island! There is the river, but don't ever go to the lagoon. Swear to me!"

She glared at him in surprised amazement and anger.

"Yes sir! If—if you go in—"

"I'll wade with you!"

Now!

Undecked she walked to the water's edge, searching with straining eyes the shore and the distant reef, without result. Nameless dread at her heart, she turned to ascend the slope toward the palm grove, thinking to get from there a clearer view of the wrecked machine.

A movement behind, among the trees, presently caused her to look round quickly. It was, unmistakably, a footfall; evidently Croft had returned and come to the river. With a sigh of relief, she left the tree and turned inland to greet him.

Then, for a moment, all power seemed to leave her body. She stood rooted to the ground, her lips moving without uttering a sound, her eyes dilated.

About ten feet away, a pair of fierce, restless eyes gazed upon her, fascinated, from a sooty-faced face repulsive by its breadth of nose and thickness of lips. The dark, naked form, of medium height and snowy build, glistened as if fresh from the water; the frizzy black hair clung damply about the ears and forehead. As he stood watching her, like an animal watching its prey, the coarse lips parted in a slow devilish grin.

With a quick stream of unintelligible words, he sprang forward.

The spell broke. With one shriek of terror, she turned and fled madly down the slope.

The unintelligible muttering ceased.

A blood-curdling yell like some wild war cry pierced the still air, echoing around the bay.

As he turned away, she saw the same flash of white teeth in the dim light that she had seen the first time they met.

"I advise you to change, after such a soaking," was his only remark. He stood near the door, as if uncertain for a few moments, then pushed it open. "I shall have my supper outside."

"Good-night!" he added.

There was much sense in his advice!

Her clothes felt stiff and heavy. Wearily she opened her auburn, surprised to find most of the contents dry. She hastily undressed, and slipped into cool, fresh garments. Throwing on a loose Japanese dressing gown, she lay down again, exhausted. All fears sank into oblivion. She fell into a deep, heavy sleep.

III

The roar of many torches illuminated the midnight darkness in the south of the island. Chinabahol, the old chief, sat in the leafy council chamber near the entrance of the sacred palm grove, surrounded by his trusted warriors. In the center of the large circle of squatting figures stood Babooma—nest in rank to the chieft—recounting, in his muttering, sing-song dialect, the strange story while, arousing tragic memories, caused consternation and foreboding in every heart.

The uncanny strength born of emergency came to Barbara. Everything save the distant hut faded from her sight; time ceased; coherent thought fled from her. Only one instinct reigned—that of the hunted beast to reach its lair. That, once there, defense might prove equally impossible, she never paused to consider. The bare feet drew nearer in their hot pursuit; the wild cry again and again resounded over the bay.

Close he came; she heard his short snorting breathing, closer the warmth of it fanned her neck,

closer yet, and a hand caught roughly at the sleeve of her blouse, tearing the soft silk to ribbons as she writhed her arm free.

closer, and this time the sinewy black fingers grabbed the bare arm itself.

A swift whirling noise smote across her receding brain; something hurtled past her shoulder, . . . with a savage snarling groan, her captor fell sprawling upon the ground.

Barbara looked around. Springing over crags, scrambling through brushwood, Croft came down the hill behind the hut at break-neck speed. The native, quickly regaining his feet, cast one glance toward the tall white figure with blazing eyes, dropping to his muddled senses direct from the heavens; then, without a word, he turned swiftly and leapt, with extraordinary rapidity, back toward the palm grove.

Her transient strength ebbing away, Barbara staggered forward.

Croft caught her by the arms.

"What the devil made you leave the hut?" he demanded angrily.

All tendency to faint left her. No lash of a whip could so have quickened her bewildered brain. She recoiled in his grasp, gazing up into his face dumbfounded. Amid the confusion of her mind his extreme pallor struck her forcibly. His eyes pierced her like flaming steel.

"Hadn't you enough sense to realize this possibility?"

Now was the time to assert herself, she hesitated; searched vainly for a retort; opened her mouth; closed it again. In her weak state circumstances proved too overwhelming. Feeling utterly insignificant, she merely turned her miserable eyes seaward.

"I was only looking—for you," she murmured unsteadily.

Opposition may wear down a man, as a fortress, with time; but helplessness silences all guns. He stood, breathing hard, still grasping her arm, gazing into her face with eyes no longer flashing with anger, but smoldering with something she could not define—something composed of horror and fear.

"I—I—I" he muttered at last, in a different tone. "If I had been too late!"

For a moment he stood silent, scanning the vicinity of the palm grove; perceiving no signs of the native, he turned with her toward the hut.

"I rescued most of the wireless and traps," he said, turning the subject of his thoughts abruptly. "I brought some of our things across, and left the rest on the reef. You were asleep. So I took the wireless up the hill, and fired up the serial."

Presently the sound of native voices rose once more, singing their Song of Hate.

The man sitting outside the little hut raised his face, inhaling the soft scents, grateful for the refreshing light. All night he had sat motionless, head hidden in his hands. There was nobody to see, in his hideaway.

Although his eyes had not closed, this solitary vigil, with its forced inaction, had revived and intensified the morning's sufferings. The sense of powerlessness which had attacked Barbara with such violence in the afternoon now attacked him. Again and again he strove to turn his thoughts from the wrecked mess out there upon the reef; from the dark waters and the monsters which infested them, where those friends, strong and full of life not many hours ago, now lay hidden. What awful fate, worse than mere drowning, had been theirs? . . .

He strove to restrain his mental agony, dragging his mind away, for down that road madness lay. . . . There were natives, possibly cannibals, upon this island, to be faced sooner or later. Therein, to his mind, lay hope. For surely they were in touch with civilization?

During his travels he had picked up a good number of dialects employed among Polynesian and Melanesian natives. With luck he might find means of rescue through their enterprise, if they had any. But this was doubtful. He knew well the characteristics of the Pacific; knew the trade

routes, the ports of call, the features of islands in touch with civilization, the features of many practically unknown. . . . Intercourse with strange natives, too, meant considerable risk, with a woman in his care. . . . At that thought, the young savage shrill shot through his frame which he had experienced in the morning; the awful longings of split seemed to fall from him.

Scattering his reflections, a strangled, terrified cry came from the hut. He sat up, alert in a moment. All had been quiet hitherto. The bright dropped into the milk he had done its work. He had been fortunate in rescuing the case of medicines and medical necessities from the machine. Again, louder, another cry arose upon his ears. He sprang to his feet. . . .

Revention had come upon Barbara, awakening from the heavy effects of the drug, so vividly that she was almost delirious. The little hut seemed to swing round and round, now darting suddenly up toward the sky, now dropping, as it were, into limbo space. And ever, from the four quarters of the globe, roared what seemed like ten thousand trains. . . . To escape was impossible, for somebody had barricaded the door. . . . The bushes down how toward the dark fathomless waters. . . . They closed above her head, and everywhere black hands surrounded her—black, leerful faces came close. . . . With a shriek of terror she clutched against this wall, when the door opened; then, perceiving freedom, she ran blindly toward the starlight without.

A pair of arms caught her upon the threshold. Half-demented, she struggled in their hold, gasping hard sobs. But they closed more tightly; and their protective wrath shut out the lurking dangers. Gradually she grew calmer; the nightmare sensations of returning consciousness abated. Ceasing to struggle, she leaned exhausted against him, her arms clinging to one of his, the waves of her long hair falling across his breast.

So for several minutes they remained—two demented beings, linked, helpless bawns, over the boundary line of civilized life, into a world yet in its infancy—each conscious of a sense of comfort in each other's nearness.

Presently, he straightened himself. With two fingers he felt her brow and cheek; they were of little more than normal heat. He stroked back the hair clustering over her forehead; and she stirred, raising her head.

"You must lie down again and sleep," he said, drawing her toward the bed of coals. But her grasp tightened upon his arm.

"You are not going far away!" It was like a vault in here—full of death—" Her voice rose unnaturally.

"I won't leave you at all!" he said hurriedly, but with a decision which obviously relieved her. "It's not safe—for either of us—alone—tonight."

Her eyes wandered over his face, in the dim星光, in a dazed manner, while she sank back upon the coals with a long sighing breath.

One hand still clasped in hers, the other arm passed under her head, for pillow, he remained upon the ground by her side. The tornail of his own

hand fell from the skies, sending his soul before him! He shivered, stroking his sore shoulder. "The great white man is a giant, O my Chief! He will not easily be killed."

"How great is the tribe! Didn't thou see others, Babooma?"

"None other did I stay to see, O Chieft. Perchance they are evil spirits come to haunt the huts where live the ghosts of our slain ones. Or perchance they slay with hell-devils like unto those other evil ones."

The chieft sat in deep thought for some moments; then rose and waved his spear.

"The Now!" he cried. "Let preparations be made, my warriors. When next darkness hides the earth, we will fall upon this white tribe, true to the Now!"

A confusion of voices resounded, accompanied by many furtive glances into the darkness of the forest; the savage joy of revenge was yet tempered with awe. Memories of the means of warfare adopted by white men caused them to follow their chieft in still half-frightful excitement to the sacred palm grove.

Presently the sound of native voices rose once more, singing their Song of Hate.

The man sitting outside the little hut raised his face, inhaling the soft scents, grateful for the refreshing light. All night he had sat motionless, head hidden in his hands. There was nobody to see, in his hideaway.

He half-withdrew his arm; then, pausing, bent over the sleeping girl and looked long upon the delicate features, the sensitive lips and dark lashes. As he looked, an unbidden thought flitted across his mind, bringing a slow flush into his face. Had another taken indisputable possession? Had he reached to the very depths of her soul; fired all the deepest fibers of her womanhood? . . .

He half-withdrew his arm; then, pausing, bent over the sleeping girl and looked long upon the delicate features, the sensitive lips and dark lashes. As he looked, an unbidden thought flitted across his mind, bringing a slow flush into his face. Had another taken indisputable possession? Had he reached to the very depths of her soul; fired all the deepest fibers of her womanhood? . . .

He drew himself up, gently freeing his hand and arm. The question opened vista down which he refused to look. A part of his nature that night had been illuminated as if by many-hued candles; and he felt dazed, strange to himself, almost, for once, afraid.

"The Now!" he cried. "Let preparations be made, my warriors. When next darkness hides the earth, we will fall upon this white tribe, true to the Now!"

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SINNERS IN HEAVEN

Continued from Page 2

None could place the unraveled threads in her hands. "But how to make him do it? How—"

"So engrossed were her thoughts that she started violently at the sound of his voice again at the window,

"Your nerves are awfully weak," he remarked.

"They are not!" she snapped indignantly. Was she always to feel foolish and, above all, appear so, with this man?

Opening the door, she took in the room, without looking up.

A scented, steaming bath could not have been more welcome than that little dash of cold water. The freshness invigorated her, reviving a girlish interest in appearance. Unpacking a tiny travelling mirror, she proceeded to do up her hair, dressing in one of the cool waving frocks intended for Australia.

Croft was thumping on the hut, demanding breakfast, before the completion of this toilet. His quick glance took in her dainty, yet very civilized appearance down to the gray socks she wore but he made no comment.

Again the contents of the old tin box proved invaluable, with the addition of banana and coconut. They spread their store upon the ground outside, in the early morning sunlight.

Conversation languished. Croft dozed abstractedly, deep in thought. Her smile of the night lay unbroken.

After several furtive glances at his face, she made a plunge.

"I want to know—"

"Yes? What?" Quickly his eyes searched her own, causing her to lower them confidingly.

"I can't remember what happened—I'm afraid I—did I behave rather stupidly, last night?"

He stretched out his hand for a banana, peeling it with irritating deliberation before replying.

"You were, naturally, slightly unbalanced after all your experiences."

This guarded reply was unanswerable.

She fell exasperated. Looking across at him, she fancied the suspicion of a smile hovered around his lips.

"You realize, of course, that anything I did—or said—was because—I mean, it was not my normal state!"

"Oh, I quite realize that!" His tone caused her to look up quickly again.

"Why are you laughing?" she asked unavailingly.

"Why are you so afraid?" he retorted.

Nouphusell, she took refuge in a dignified silence. Winkling her breakfast, she looked round the bay—at the rugged hill beside them, the palms and dense forest trees in the background, the coral shingle and white sand stretching down to the magnificent blue of the lagoon, in the distance the reef and vast stretch of limitless sea; the intensely vivid colors and contrast shone in the sunlight with extraordinary brilliancy.

"It's all very beautiful," she said at last, conversationally.

"It is!" he agreed warmly, rising to his feet. Bringing his mug filled with water, he sat down close beside her.

"Now, please mend my head."

Barbara was concerned over his palor and the lines surrounding his eyes.

"You look worn out!" she exclaimed involuntarily. "Didn't you sleep well last night?"

"Not a wink!" He glanced quickly up at her. Whereupon her unavowed confusion returned fourfold; and she finished her job in silence.

"I'm going up the hill to the wireless," he observed then. "You need not fear the natives. They won't return until they have mustered their numbers."

At her look of alarm he continued hurriedly: "I've got a scheme for scaring them off altogether. I shan't be long away. If you shout, I shall hear."

There was no suggestion of her company being required. She watched him disappear, with a sickening sense of the oppressive loneliness that she dreaded; but pride forbade her uttering a word to detain him. Then, with unconscious imitation of Croft, she threw her head a little back; clenched her hands; and entered the hut.

While the natives hurried to the south, to prepare for battle, the man sat on the ground beside the transmitter, staring out to sea, his brain working on the scheme to which he had just alluded; his mind torn between conflicting decisions. In this predicament, at the mercy of a tribe of hostile savages, there were but two forlorn hopes of defense. One lay in the little weapon down in the hut, with its limited supply of ammunition; the other in the inherent superstition of the islanders. If once the latter could be roused; if his ruse, for all its wildness, succeeded, their lives might yet be safe. On the other hand, wireless messages might reach a ship in time. There was not enough electrical energy for both purposes. . . . Which should it be?

"My God!" he muttered to himself. "Was ever a man in such a d—d position?"

IV

No better tonic could have been given to Croft's mind than this necessity for immediate action. Until he had made his decision and the details were matured, he forbore to alarm Barbara with the prospect before them.

"My God!" he muttered to himself. "Was ever a man in such a d—d position?"

from the hilltop, and he appeared with his arms full of wire.

"I have left a beacon burning, in case a passing vessel—" Abruptly he ceased, standing still, his eyes upon the figure emerging from the hut.

"A transformation!" he exclaimed; and there was a strange new tone in his voice.

The dully shore and stockings had been discarded, the hairpins thrown away. With a long thick plait swinging down her back, sleeves rolled up, bare feet sinking in the sand, she flushed him a shy look of inquiry.

"It seems more natural here," she said.

Thus did Barbara take the first step from out the net of lifelong conventions, and tread the free spaciousness beyond.

"You fit in so well—as if it is your natural sphere!" she added.

He smiled half to himself, patted the spare seat beside him. Rather wonderingly she approached, looking, he thought, with compassion, extremely young and delicately made.

To inform a sensitive girl of the forthcoming attack of possible cannibals was, to Croft, ten times more formidable than meeting them single-handed. He was not versed in the handling of these situations.

Taking her hand, he drew her down close beside him; then, in a few curt sentences, he told her.

The fingers he held closed convulsively upon his own; her free hand clasped itself upon her knee; the faint color drained away, leaving her face quite white.

"Can't we go—little somewhere—on the reef?" she urged, turning dark eyes of fear upon him.

He shook his head. Very thoughtfully, from every point of view, had he considered the position. Should they, by hiding, elude the natives tonight, it would be but a respite. The same danger would surround them every moment they spent here; they could never know peace of safety. For some reason these natives were hosts; something must be done to overcome their hostility. Until and unless a friendly compact could be made, they must be forced to leave the two white people alone, through fear. All this he explained to the girl, who recognized the wisdom of it, as well as what she deemed the impossibility.

"Two! Against, possibly, hundreds!

"How can we make them fear us?" she asked hopelessly.

"Through their superstition," he replied promptly. "Once make them believe we deal with the supernatural, or possess magical powers, and they will make us tabu. The dread of death or disease from violating a taboo will cause them to shun us like lepers."

Barbara, inexperienced in natives' ways, was only half convinced. She listened incredulously to the scheme he propounded, her knowledge of electricity being limited.

"I will get some sticks," he concluded, rising; "and place everything in readiness; then I shall turn in for a bit. This afternoon we'll strengthen the walls of the hut; and I'll put up a partition. Then we shall each have a room until we can build another hut. Plenty of work before us, if rescue doesn't come soon!"

Silently, she helped to collect sticks, an extraordinary numbness pervading her mind. Croft's spirit rose. He had faced and eluded death too often to fear it. His confidence in this simple ruse puzzled her.

Collecting the rubber shock absorber belonging to the wireless outfit, he broke the sticks into short stakes, showing Barbara how to cover them. This done, he proceeded to fix them firmly in the ground round the hut, then attached the aerial to the top of each; thus forming wire circles a few inches above the ground, as far from the hut as the amount of aerial permitted. The two ends were carried through the entrance and connected to the transmitter within.

"Now!" he exclaimed, "when I wave, press the key on the transmitter here, and watch the result."

He went out to the wire; and, kneeling down, placed one hand about half an inch above it. Raising the other, he gave the signal.

She pressed the key as directed. Immediately, a series of bright blue sparks flashed, like fireflies, from the wire to his hand, which he repeatedly jerked away; then, delighted with its success, he returned to her.

"You see," he explained, "the volume of current is always large with wireless, therefore takes effect by sparking at the moment of contact.

The human body is, of course, a conductor. Our visitors will get the shock of their lives—especially as they usually approach any object of attack by waddling along on their stomachs!"

He chuckled with the anticipatory enjoyment of a schoolboy over a practical joke; then suggested having some food.

Mechanically she fetched Aunt Dolly's box and drew out tins of beef and coffee, heroically trying to share in his confidence.

He talked on, compelling her to attend, diverting her thoughts until the meal ended, covertly watching her every expression. Then he drew her within the hut to rest.

Mechanically again, she entered, going to the little window and looking out, drearily, toward the palms. He fixed up the door, then came over to her.

"You don't feel at all nervous?" he asked nonchalantly.

She turned, with a forced smile.

"Oh, no! . . . Dear me, no! . . . Of course not!" she answered, with terrific emphasis.

"That's all right! You're a plucky soul for a girl!"

She flushed an indignant look at him,

when, in spite of herself, tailed as she met the unexpected laughter in his eyes.

"You wanted adventure!" he reminded her. "You wanted to 'feel life' to learn the 'meaning' of things, to sound the 'deep chords'. Well! You have your heart's desire—at the very bottom of nature! Belize it, Barbara! Drink to the very dregs! Then tell me if you have discovered what is missing!"

Surprised, she listened silently. He turned away, laid one of their coats just inside the door, and threw himself down upon it. Within a few minutes he was sleeping the sleep of sheer exhaustion.

But the girl sat for long under the little window, lost in thought, wondering over his words. And ever her mind reverted to one sentence: A few words of praise from one whose opinion you have unconsciously learned to respect, and what a world of courage do they bring in their train!

There are no pleasant hours of twilight in the tropics. The sun sets, and soon the world is wrapped in darkness. It had disappeared behind the west hill, and already a few stars were showing in the swiftly darkening sky, when Croft came out of the hut, to where Barbara was collecting the remains of their supper. He carried something in his hands.

"Do you understand a revolver?" he inquired.

She turned round, mingled fear and relief in her face. "Have you one? No; I have never fired one in my life. I wouldn't dare!"

"Well, I want to show you how to use this little beast, in case anything goes wrong and you are left."

She laughed miserably.

"If they manage to kill you, they will soon finish me off!"

He regarded her in silence, for a moment.

"They wouldn't kill you," he said quietly. "Do you understand my meaning?"

Her face went very white. For a few minutes she pined up and down,

sighing.

shaking dread, yet met it with no outward flinch, deserve the laurels of heroism. Some such thoughts flitted through Croft's mind, as he sat waiting, fully conscious of the suffering silently endured by his companion. When she relaxed against his shoulder, he drew a breath of relief.

What seemed like hours passed in the silence and darkness. Then Barbara suddenly raised her head.

"Have I been asleep?" she whispered.

He turned to answer, whipping suddenly back to the aperture, and craning forward. A sound had reached his intent ears—the faint distant crepitating of snapping twigs.

Now that the dreaded moment had arrived, Barbara was conscious of an utter lack of agitation. Sure that her fingers closed upon his arm, she gave no sign; her eyes followed his, peering into the starlit dusk without.

For several minutes nothing more was heard. The girl was beginning to think it had been a false alarm, when all at once a slight rustling noise reached them, as of something wriggling over rough ground. At the same instant a dark form was dimly discernible flitting, shadowy-like, from a distant tree to the shelter of a large rock, there falling to the earth. Presently, from behind this rock, issued a little, smoky, black stream—three or four bodies waddling along on their fronts, their outlines faintly distinguishable.

Minutely sweeping the whole visible horizon with keen eyes, Croft now perceived other black streams, issuing from other temporary shelters, slowly trickling down the slope. . . . He leaned back.

"They are crawling along upon their stomachs, as I predicted, to avoid detection," he whispered.

Presently, two or three figures detached themselves from the moving mass and wriggled forward with incredible swiftness, leaving the remainder some yards behind.

"Scouts!" whispered Croft. Barbara caught her breath sharply, drawing back into the hut.

He went out to the wire; and, kneeling down, placed one hand about half an inch above it. Raising the other, he gave the signal.

"I will load it, and fix it ready for use," he concluded.

And the girl who, in England, had shrunk from all firearms, took the little weapon from his eagerly, welcoming it as a valued friend bringing, possibly, the greatest succor of all. . . .

As they sat in the dark hut, upon their upturned suitcases, near the window aperture, the strain upon Barbara's nerves became almost unbearable. With every minute her faith in the electric ruse, never strong, grew weaker; until it ebbed away, leaving only a ghastly death, or worse, creeping nearer with the rising of every star. . . .

She faced the moment when, her companion slain, she would seize the revolver, turn the dark muzzle to her fluttering heart, place her finger on the trigger. . . .

She clasped and unclasped her clammy hands, sitting upright; then cringing back against the bamboo. . . . Only fear of disgrace in her companion's opinion restrained her wild impulse to rise and flee somewhere—anywhere—to escape this fearful ordeal. Had Croft touched her, or spoken, her control would have snapped altogether.

But he sat perfectly still, his gaze fixed upon the dark slope down which their enemies would come, his mind apparently oblivious to all else.

As she watched him, her fevered brain seemed gradually to grow calm, her faith in his confidence and ingenuity to strengthen. . . . The strain relaxed. Hope struggled feebly within her heart. She no longer felt the wild desire to scream or to escape. Her clenched hands parted, and she sat back with a sigh.

She turned, with a forced smile.

"Oh, no! . . . Dear me, no! . . .

Of course not!" she answered, with terrific emphasis.

"That's all right! You're a plucky soul for a girl!"

She flushed an indignant look at him,

when he pressed the key, keeping it down, giving the spark gap a slight adjustment.

Then, from all around, rose a deafening medley of howls and frenzied yellings, partly of pain but more often of fear, as the advancing men came in contact with the wire, seeing the wicked blue sparks bite at their bare flesh, feeling the sharp sting of the electricity. Those who escaped it were equally terrified, and the whole order broke up. Some rolled upon the ground rubbing themselves, still howling; others fled, screaming, toward the south. A few, braver, tried again to reach the goal; and again retreated, half petrified with fear of the unnatural.

Croft waited until but a few stragglers remained near the hut.

"Now," he cried, "we must show ourselves, and complete the illusion!"

"Oh!" remonstrated Barbara. "Is that necessary?"

"Yes; if it's to be a success."

Seizing her arm, he dragged upon the door, and whirled her round to the inward end.

Those natives who remained uttered loud, fearful shouts, at sight of the two white figures; falling upon their faces, they stretched out arms of supplication, gabbling what seemed to

be the language of their native tongue.

He laughed again, pressing her fiercely up against his chest. "So—while we are here, you are mine! Don't

forget. You may belong to another in England; but here, you—you are mine!"

His tone was exult

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Secretary Mellon sees a general improvement in business throughout the country as the result of last week's election. Well, let it come, the sooner the better. The people can stand it.

The "exiled" state senators, it is said, will remain in "exile" at Rutland till January 6, when they will come home and take their seats in the new General Assembly, where the leaders in this twelve months since will be conspicuous by their absence.

According to the latest returns the next U. S. Senate will have 55 Republicans, 30 Democrats, and two Farm Laborites. The House of Representatives will have 247 Republicans, 183 Democrats, and five possibly of the La Follette stripe. This would seem to give the Republicans a good working majority in both bodies.

Coolidge's message to Congress which assembles December 1st will be strong for tax reduction. That, it is said, will be the principal recommendation of his message. He can well rest on that. If there is one thing the people are weary over, it is the enormous taxes that were left as a legacy of the last Democratic National management under Woodrow Wilson.

President Coolidge's watchword in his new administration will be "common sense" and "economy." Under the Republican administration the national debt has already been reduced nearly a billion dollars, and it is Coolidge's intention to get off another billion during his administration, and at the same time reduce the taxes year by year. The budget for the year 1925 calls for five hundred millions less than for the year just past.

The United States have paid in pensions to soldiers in the various wars of this country previous to the World War nearly seven billions of dollars. The Civil War pensions totalled \$8,427,000,000, while those growing out of the Indian Wars amounted to \$25,000,000. Pensions for other wars included \$26,000,000 for the War of 1812, \$70,000,000 for the Revolution, \$55,000,000 for the Mexican War and \$128,000,000 for the War with Spain. Wars are costly in more ways than one.

The farmers in the state of Illinois, as well as throughout the West generally, are jubilant over this year's corn crop. In that one state alone, the crop is estimated at four hundred million dollars. In all the other great Western corn growing states, the reports are as encouraging. While the Western farmers reap the first benefits from these bountiful crops the great Eastern consumers ought to get some benefit in the supply for the succulent Johnny-cake.

It is said that the Republicans wound up the Presidential campaign with the bills all paid and a balance of some hundreds of dollars in the treasury, while the Democrats closed the campaign some two hundred thousand dollars in debt. Such a thing as closing a national political campaign with money in the treasury, is, up to this time, an unheard of occurrence. It is said that there were 80,000 contributors to the Republican campaign fund, and that the contributions amounted to some four millions of dollars.

The city of Cincinnati is another big metropolis to adopt the city manager system of government. At the late election the people voted more than two to one in favor of adopting this form of government. More and more the cities of the land are rejecting the old political forms of city government and are trying to get down to some kind of business management of municipal affairs. The expenses of city government have increased out of all proportion to the benefit derived. Municipal indebtedness has gone up with leaps and bounds. The taxpayers are getting weary with this constantly increasing burden, and are grasping for something that looks feasible for improvement. Many of the largest cities in the land are adopting it. The city of Cincinnati is the second largest city in the land to adopt the policy of government. We shall watch for news.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION MACHINERY CUMBERSOME AND ANTIQUATED

It is announced world wide and accepted as a fact that Coolidge and Dawes are elected President and Vice President of these United States, when, in fact, not a single vote has been cast for them, and will not be until January 12, when the Electors chosen last week Tuesday meet and cast their votes. The machinery for the election of President and Vice President is both complicated and antiquated, and should be changed at the earliest possible moment. It makes no difference how big or how little the majority in the state may be for a candidate, he can only have the electoral vote of that state, which is equal to the number of senators and representatives that state may have in Congress. One state may choose its electors by a bare plurality of the voters, while another state may cast three-fourths or more of all its votes for the candidate of the choice of the people of that state, the big majority counts for nothing in the result. It has happened many times in the Presidential elections that the candidate having the majority of the popular vote was not the choice of the electors. For instance, James K. Polk, Zachary Taylor, James Buchanan, Abraham Lincoln the first time, Rutherford B. Hayes, James A. Garfield, Grover Cleveland, Benjamin Harrison, and Woodrow Wilson both times, all failed to receive a majority of all the votes cast. In several of the above cases the successful candidate had less votes than his leading opponent.

In 1884 New York's 45 electoral votes were cast for Grover Cleveland, when a change of less than a thousand votes would have given the entire number to Blaine. Rhode Island's four Blaine votes had a majority of 5,229 behind them. In 1916 a change of a few hundred votes in California would have thrown the electoral vote of that state for Hughes and also elected him instead of Woodrow Wilson. Both the Presidents elected were minority candidates.

Again, there is nothing compulsory as to how the electors shall vote. Should they choose to disregard the choice of the people who elected them and vote for some other candidate, it could not be prevented. Such a breach of trust is not on record. Still it is possible, though not probable. The electors in all cases are persons of standing in their community and are supposed to be true to their party.

Not a vote will be cast for President till January 12, when the electors, chosen November 4, will meet in their respective states, cast their votes (in this state five), seal them

and employ a messenger who shall carry them to Washington and deposit them with the President of the Senate, who, on the second Wednesday in February, which this year will be February 11, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives shall open the sealed packages, count the votes therein contained and declare the result.

It will thus be seen that there is a pile of unnecessary and a needless long delay before the official vote is announced.

In this state two women and three men have been employed to perform that important duty, and by a majority of nearly fifty thousand have been instructed to cast their five votes for Coolidge and Dawes.

The inequalities and injustice of the present system of electing the President and Vice President are apparent, when it is seen that Rhode Island cast bigger vote at the late election than did either of the states of Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, or South Carolina.

Yet in the electoral college, Rhode Island has but five votes, while Arkansas has 9, Florida 6, Georgia 14, Louisiana 10, Mississippi 10, and South Carolina 9.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S ANCESTORY

President Coolidge comes from good old English stock, his ancestry dating back to the time of William the Conqueror. The first in this country was John Coolidge, who came over in 1630 and settled in Watertown, Mass. This John Coolidge was an important man in the town. He was admitted a freeman in 1636. He was Selectman of the town several years and in 1638 was chosen to the Legislature of the colony. President Coolidge is the tenth in descent from this John Coolidge and was born in Plymouth, Vermont, July 4, 1872. All the President's ancestors in this country were born in Massachusetts and Vermont. One of his ancestors was in the Battle of Rhode Island August 29, 1779.

DEATH OF SENATOR LODGE

The death of United States Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts, is a loss not only to that state, but to the entire country. Senator Lodge was not only a far-seeing statesman, but a man of learning. He was the most scholarly man in the United States. His literary works are numerous, and his scholarly attainments have been recognized by the entire country. He had long been the recognized leader of the Senate, and a wise leader he was. His place will be hard to fill. Senator Lodge was in the 78th year of his age, having been born May 12, 1850. He had been in Congress since 1886, and in the Senate since March 4, 1893. He was the oldest member of that body in continuous service. His present term would have expired March 3, 1920.

The fight for the next Presidential candidates is already on. The friends of both Gov. Smith of New York and McAdoo of Alabama, are putting themselves in training to boost their candidates for the next Democratic convention. The supporters of both these men declare that if their man had been nominated instead of Davis the result would have been different in the late election. They may have been partially right. Davis proved a poor campaigner, and doubtless either of the other candidates would have polled more votes, but the result would have been the same. This was a Coolidge year and no man, however popular he might be, could beat him. The friends of the two defeated convention candidates may consider themselves fortunate in defeat. Had either Smith or McAdoo been nominated, his fate would have been the same as Davis', and that would have been the end of him politically. Now either can come forward four years hence as the party savior.

The sesqui-Centennial celebration in Philadelphia in 1926 has not been entirely forgotten by the denizens of that burg. The directors of the proposed celebration of the 150th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence have had a meeting in that city and fixed the date of the proposed celebration. It is to begin June 14, 1926 and end September 17. The proposed celebration is to cost \$5,000,000, and the directors are starting out to raise that sum. The federal government and the various states are to be asked to construct a "Temple of American Fame," and likewise buildings for state exhibits. Foreign governments are not to be invited. This is to be strictly a home affair.

"If wishes were horses beggars might ride" is an old common saying in the days before the automobile. Judging from the price a good horse in a Pennsylvania town brought at auction the other day the impudent denizens of that burg could do it now. A prominent citizen of the town being about to retire from business, put up his stock at auction. When the horse was brought to the auction block the first bid was twenty-five cents. An enterprising Yankee present raised it to twenty-six cents. He got the horse.

New York expects to have twenty millions of people fifty years from this date. Well, that is an easy bet. We would not be surprised if she far overran that number. Fifty years hence this country is expected to have at least two hundred millions of people and New York will undoubtedly corral a large share of them.

"Make auto go 40 miles on a gallon of gas," is a flaming headline in a daily paper. That is nothing; a Ford flivver is said to have run 50 miles on its reputation, without gas or engine.

Weekly Calendar NOVEMBER 1924

STANDARD TIME

	Sun	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat
15 Nov	6 25	7 21	8 19	9 17	10 15	11 13	12 10
16 Nov	7 25	8 21	9 19	10 17	11 15	12 13	13 10
17 Nov	8 25	9 21	10 19	11 17	12 15	13 13	14 10
18 Tues	9 25	10 21	11 19	12 17	13 15	14 13	15 10
19 Wed	10 25	11 21	12 19	13 17	14 15	15 13	16 10
20 Thurs	11 25	12 21	13 19	14 17	15 15	16 13	17 10
21 Fri	12 25	1 21	2 19	3 17	4 15	5 13	6 10

First quarter, 3d, 5:20 evening

Full moon, 11th, 7:32 morning

Last quarter, 19th, 6:40 evening

New moon, 2d, 6:17 evening

Deaths.

In this city, 5th inst., Edgar L. Barker of Tiverton, R. I. In his 55th year. In this city, 13th inst., Anna, wife of Charles Hunter. In Asheville, N. C., November 8th, Dr. William T. Bell. In Pawtucket, 12th inst., Rev. Louis J. Deady, formerly pastor of St. Joseph's Church of this city. In New Rochelle, N. Y., 12th inst., Helen Irving, wife of Monroe Van Wart DeMott and daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Wendell C. Phillips.

FOSTER'S WEATHER BULLETIN

Washington, Nov. 15, 1924.—The very favorable weather for harvesting that will surely be had during the first twenty days of this month leaves the principal interest centered in Fall seedling crop weather. Many sections of the country will remain too dry for Fall seedling during this month, especially the east half of sections 2 and 6, west half of section 6. Fall work in Ontario and Quebec should have been completed and this dry period welcome, but the southern Mississippi valley needs rain at this time that I can not promise them. The greater part of the precipitation of this month will occur during the last seven days and distribution will be nearly the same as during the past two months, except the eastern coast, where a decided decrease is expected. Severe storms and great temperature extremes are expected during November 23 to 30 and winter will have arrived during this period. Cold wave following this storm wave is expected to reach far south and will probably influence the present uncertain price of cotton.

Maps showing our sectional situations will be sent to all who enclose stamped envelope with their request to Fosters Weather Bureau, Washington, D. C.

According to Foster's laws of Weatherology and nature there are at least two primary and two secondary areas of evaporation on the earth at all times. These areas are magnetized or originated at certain times when three or more of the bodies of our planetary system reach positions that are conducive to electro-magnetic contact between the bodies included in position. The power or sounding force of the bodies included, combined with more or less favorable position of said bodies, regulate the force of evaporation resulting

in any area. These magnetized spots, or evaporation areas, would not occur in exactly the same places on the earth for more than 5000 years or one complete cycle of our moon and planet relative to our sun. I am convinced that these evaporation areas are more influential in making or destroying our growing crops than all other causes combined, therefore of more importance and interest to man. When these areas occur on water, they cause excessive precipitation, floods, etc., often in areas far removed from areas of evaporation.

A branch of the U. S. Army Air Service has had remarkable results from their experiments with a device patented by Dr. E. Francis Warren of Harvard University, for spraying a fine electrified sand. They have undoubtedly caused precipitation, disrupted fog and scattered clouds. According to this invention the influence of snow clouds is to an atmosphere. The inventor and those who were otherwise connected with the experiments are confident that they can cause rain in any area over which rainclouds are present. When an evaporation area or drought occurs on land, chances of finding rainclouds over that area are about as favorable as finding halo on the top of my head; very few. This device holds no hope for a drought stricken area, but may prove of unusual value to a locality that is dry because of rain clouds being lifted and passing over without being precipitated. The only possible, or maybe impossible, way of benefiting a drought stricken area would be some method of starting an evaporation area to work at the desired spot on water.

GOOD ADVICE

Mr. James J. Nolan of Providence, a former councilman of that city and for some years a member of the General Assembly, and a prominent Democrat, has written Governor Flynn and other prominent members of that party, advising them to give up the Assembly filibuster, do the business of importance and adjourn the General Assembly and go home. His letter reads:

"The people have spoken. The majority did not as you and I, put crosses in the circles under the Democratic emblem. There can be no appeal for two years. Therefore, why not join with the Republican legislators, pass necessary legislation, have a vote upon reform measures and abandon the course which the majority of the electorate does not approve?"

The Providence News, the only Democratic paper in the state, takes the defeat of its party last week very philosophically and in the right spirit. It quotes from the Baltimore Sun the following: "To say that Wall Street money, Slush Fund, intimidation or any subversive influence produced the overwhelming Republican majority is to deceive yourself. Don't listen to the politicians and their excuses. Mr. Borah's Slush Fund committee may just as well shut up shop. Mr. Coolidge was elected because the voters of the country wanted him." And that, says the News, is the story. We believe that Mr. Coolidge won on his popularity with the voters of the country. The Democrats were defeated. The majority of the people spoke at the polls, and there is no use wasting time with "alibis."

The town of New Ashford, Mass., is pluming itself on being the first town in the country to get its votes cast and counted on election day. There are 24 voters in the town. They all assembled at the polls at 6:30 a. m., the hour of opening. At 6:45 the voting was all done and the clerk announced that 20 votes had been cast for Coolidge and 4 for Davis. All the other candidates had about the same vote. The town seems to be prosperous even if there are but few people in it. There are said to be seventeen families in the town, eleven of whom own automobiles. Josh Billings said of this town 30 years ago: "It is so still in New Ashford that one can hear a feather drop from a bluejay's tail."

BLOCK ISLAND

(From our regular correspondent)

Armistice Program

Nearly three hundred people attended the Armistice Day exercises in Mohegan Hall last Tuesday evening. The following program was presented:

Song—Fling out the Flag
High School Pupils
Prayer Dr. H. A. Roberts
Exercise Harbor School
Exercise West Side School
Solo Solo Harriet Conley
Song Center School
Remarks Dr. H. A. Roberts
Exercise 7th and 8th Grade Pupils
Musical Selection Orpheus Club
Remarks Rev. Harry Taylor
Vocal Selection Miss Ruth Taylor
One-act Play—For Liberty's Sake High School Pupils
Tableau Melvin Rose
Prayer and Benediction Red Cross
Song—Star Spangled Banner Dr. A. Hesford

Song—Star Spangled Banner

Audience
In the presentation of the sketch, "For Liberty's Sake," especial mention must be made of the excellent character acting and elocution of Miss Alice Totten and Scarles Ball. The entire cast did exceptionally well and all should be recommended most highly.

Josiah Peckham, Jr., has accepted a position in the advertising department of the Melachino Cigarette Corporation.

Ambrose W. Rose, of Huntington, Long Island, spent the past two weeks at the home of his sister, Mrs. Frank Littlefield, at the Center.

The Young Ladies Community Club were entertained at a bridge party last Wednesday evening at the home of Mrs. Weber Murray.

Miss Mary A. Sheffield, postal clerk in the Providence Postoffice, is enjoying a week's vacation at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sheffield.

Electric flashing highway crossing signals of the American Railway Association design have been installed by the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company at Bradley Road Highway Crossing, which is located immediately south of the Bradley's Railroad Station in the town of Freetown, about six and one-half miles north of New Bedford. The crossing is now protected by a flagman between the hours of 5:30 a. m. and 6:00 p. m. Effective Monday morning, November 17th, the flagman will be relieved and thereafter the crossing will be protected by the electric flashlight signals.

New England will raise this year 53,172,000 bushels of potatoes. This is something over six million bushels larger than last year's crop, and thirteen millions bigger than the average crop for the past five years.

Holland's Colonies

Holland has in her colonial possessions a population of about 30,000,000—more than seven times as large as that of the mother country. The most valuable of her possessions is Java, famous for its coffee.

Beautiful Patience

Faith, Hope and Love, once felt, in a peaceful and sociable hour, a plastic impulse to their nature; together they set to work and created a lovely image, a Pandora in the higher sense of the term, namely, Patience.—Goethe.

MISS M. SUTHERLAND
LEARNING PUBLISHING IN
A VERY PRACTICAL WAY

TRIES TO HALT SHIP SCRAPPING

W. B. Shearer Gets Court Order
on Wilbur to Show Cause Before
Sinking the Washington.

COMPACTS CALLED INVALID

Battleship Doomed Under Arms Treaty—Has Not Been Ratified, It Is Argued, and British Navy Exceeds Limitations.

Washington.—Associate Justice William H. Taft of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia signed an order directing Secretary Wilbur of the navy to appear in court and show cause why he should not be restrained from destroying the superdreadnought Washington, one of the new American fleet line battleships, the scrapping of which is provided for in the arms conference naval limitation treaty.

The action was brought by William B. Shearer, who sued as a citizen and taxpayer, alleging that the destruction of the Washington will work "great and irreparable injury" to the navy and result in the loss of a vast amount of money to the nation. Mr. Shearer further alleges that the arms conference treaties were not properly ratified and that some of the signatories to the naval treaty are not living up to the letter of the agreement. Hence no further scrapping of American battleships should be carried out at present.

Until he has seen the papers in the case Secretary Wilbur will not make any comment.

The Washington left the Philadelphia navy yard for the Virginia Capes, where it is proposed she be sunk in experimental bombing and target practice at a point about sixty miles east of Cape Charles. High explosive bombs will be placed in the water at designated distances around the battleship and detonated to ascertain the effect of such explosives on the hull of the warship. If after this the vessel remains afloat she will be sunk by target fire. She is to be scrapped, in other words, by experimental attack.

Mr. Shearer appeared in court backed by a big array of counsel. Following the action of Justice Taft he announced that he was going to make it a finish fight. When the action comes up for argument, he asserted, he will offer witnesses of the highest standing who will substantiate every allegation made in the complaint. On the other hand, the navy department does not seem to be greatly worried over the case and apparently does not expect any considerable delay in carrying out the obligation it understands to be imposed on the department under the terms of the naval treaty.

In the complaint Mr. Shearer is named as the plaintiff and Secretary Wilbur as the defendant. Mr. Shearer is described in the document as a resident of New York and a taxpayer. He is further described as a qualified naval expert and as the inventor of a war craft known as the Sea Hornet, a one man torpedo boat, which, it is stated, was bought by this government during the World War and met all the tests of the department.

The papers in the case were filed by Wilton F. Lambert, William E. Leahy, Martin J. McNamara and Rudolph H. Yeatman, Washington lawyers, Mr. Lambert being in charge for the plaintiff. In the order signed by Justice Taft, Secretary Wilbur is directed to be in court prepared to show why his orders to destroy the Washington should not be canceled.

In the papers setting forth his case

Mr. Shearer asks that the United States battleship Washington, as therein described, remain intact in good order; that no part of the battleship be touched or any part removed, machinery or otherwise, and that the vessel be kept in the best condition possible and not allowed to suffer deterioration or neglect.

Construction of the Washington was authorized on Aug. 29, 1916, and the contract signed Jan. 17, 1917. The ship's keel was laid in the New York Ship building Company's yards at Camden, N. J., on June 30, 1919, and the Washington was launched on Sept. 1, 1921. She is of 33,650 tons, with a length of 600 feet and beam of 77.54 feet. She carries eight sixteen-inch guns, two five-inch guns, eight three-inch guns and is designed for a personnel of sixty-six officers and 1,136 men.

TAX PUBLICITY REPEAL PLAN

Administration Leaders Want Action Taken by Congress.

Washington.—Congress will be asked by the Treasury in the forthcoming short session either to repeal or to clarify provisions of the tax law relating to publication of income tax returns.

Secretary Mellon's position with respect to publication of the returns was represented as unchanged, and he will strongly favor a full repeal, it has been stated.

FUND INQUIRY HALTED

Borah Committee May Not Resume Until After Congress Meets.

Washington.—The senate committee investigating campaign expenditures may not resume hearings until after congress convenes, Chairman Borah said. Three of the committee are in home states and not expected in Washington until soon before congress opens. Several of the committee favor suggesting legislation controlling campaign expenditures.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass.—In the biggest upset of the football year Princeton triumphed over Harvard by a score of 34 to 0. It was the widest margin of victory scored by either of the two teams against the other in 15 years.

SEATTLE.—Sheriff Conn and Prosecutor Gilbert, of Skagit County, have asked Governor Hart for troops because 300 Industrial Workers of the World have established control of the principal road leading to Concerdo, Wash.

ROBERT HODGSON

ENGLISHMAN IS UNDER SURVEILLANCE IN RUSSIA



COOLIDGE BANS EXTRA SESSION

Favors Revision of Income Tax Schedules in Short Session If Congress Will Agree to It.

CONSULTS PARTY LEADERS

President Will Not Announce Legislative Program Just Yet, but May Urge Relief for Farmers—Chairman Madden to Draft Plans.

Washington.—Tax revision holds the center of the stage. President Coolidge desires to get reduction in taxes as quickly as possible and if assured of support in Congress will fight for action in the coming session.

Some leaders who opposed the Mellon proposals are against taking up tax matters because of a precedent that nothing beyond appropriation bills can be enacted in the short session, but the conservative leaders are urging speedy action on taxation in view of the expected Treasury surplus of \$300,000,000.

The President has no present intention of calling an extra session of Congress on or after March 4, and will not for the present announce any definite legislative program, according to a White House spokesman. Mr. Coolidge is carefully considering the tax situation and it was announced that he had not reached any definite decision as to when he shall recommend tax reduction. A spokesman for the President said that Mr. Coolidge did not know whether it was wise in a short session to undertake to do anything about tax legislation. It was said that the President's off-hand impression was that he could not obtain proper tax reduction in a short session.

It was said that Mr. Coolidge might get encouragement from members of the House and Senate that would induce him to urge immediate tax revision, on the other hand, he might wait until the assembling of the Sixty-third Congress in December, 1925.

Secretary Mellon is reported as favorable to immediate relief from tax burdens, although he has not reached a conclusion as to when surtax reduction should be sought.

Senator Reed of Pennsylvania, a member of the Finance Committee, who is regarded as a spokesman for Secretary Mellon, believes that tax reduction should be taken up without delay, and that an effort should be made in the short session to reduce the high surtax.

"The vote on last Tuesday is a command to the coming session of Congress to take up tax revision immediately," Senator Reed said. "I think Congress owes it to the people to reduce the surtaxes 25 per cent and I am satisfied that this could be passed in the session opening next month. The verdict of this election will influence members who last winter opposed this legislation to support it now."

"The publicity of income taxes was a fine thing. It showed very clearly that those who might have paid high surtaxes avoided doing so by investing in tax-exempt securities."

Senator Smoot, chairman of the finance committee, is not in favor of an extra session for tax reduction unless it can be assured in advance that the reductions will be worth while. It would be poor tactics, Senate leaders believe, to attempt a scaling of the levies only to find that little could be accomplished along this line. For that reason Senator Smoot and other Republicans of the finance committee will sound out the Senate during the coming session and ascertain just what could be done at an extra session.

Besides, so leaders think, the Republicans would be placed in a disadvantageous position in view of the Congressional elections of 1926. Democrats would do everything possible to make a campaign issue of the charge that the Republicans had helped only the rich.

Unless the courts have decided the matter in the meantime, the Congress that deals with tax revision will also try to clear up the matter of allowing the newspapers to print the amounts of income tax."

Secretary of the Navy Wilbur formally accepted the dirigible ZR-3.

Maj. Gen. William R. Smith has been ordered to Honolulu, to relieve Brig. Gen. Thomas H. Slaven as commander of coast artillery.

Aerial passenger service between America and Europe, operated by the United States government, is a possibility soon. Already the Navy Department is considering plans for putting the ZR-3, the German-built Zeppelin, into the trans-Atlantic service as a test to determine the advisability of permanent establishment of such cross-ocean service. Shipping Board accepts bids for dismantling eighteen cargo ships.

The United States' Veterans' Bureau

is now taking care of 25,000 World War veterans in forty-nine government hospitals. It has 3,100 beds available for additional patients. Director Frank T. Hines reported to President Coolidge.

Labor, the official organ of the rail-

way unions, in an editorial predicted that the third party will be continued. The 5,000,000 votes cast for La Follette and Wheeler are taken as sufficient encouragement for a progressive movement.

The Savings Bank of Newport

Thames Street, Newport, R. I.

Dividends at the rate of 4 1/2 per cent. per annum on all amounts of \$5 or more.

RENEW YOUR MEMBERSHIP IN THE RED CROSS TODAY

Cash hidden at home is shirking its duty. Money talks—but not in its sleep! In a savings account here, your money will work for you.

INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE ON THE PREMIUM

SIMON KOSCHNY'S SONS

Manufacturing Confectioners

232 Thames Street

Branch, 16 Broadway

NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECTION

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY

INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

All Orders
Promptly
Attended to

CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY

All Goods
are Pure
Absolutely
Absolutely

PARAGRAPHS FOR
THE NEW ENGLANDER

News of General Interest
From the Six States

Two men dropped dead while marching in a Republican torchlight parade and rally in Boston.

The sum of \$212,318 in scholarships and tuition loans was divided among 718 undergraduate students at Yale in 1913-14, according to the report. Compared with the sum of \$52,125, which was divided for the same purpose among 297 students in 1918-19, the average aid per student has increased from \$175.50 to \$295.70.

G. Harold Gilpatrick, former state treasurer and cashier of the First National bank of Putnam, Ct., is to be taken to Atlanta federal penitentiary to serve 15 years imposed in the United States court by Judge S. Thomas, following pleas of guilty or nolo to 26 counts of embezzlement of funds totalling \$353,000 of the bank funds.

Plans are being considered by the Hartford, Ct., school committee for the installation of a chlorine chamber for the treatment of colds contracted by children and teachers. Chlorine gas was used in Washington with success in treating President Coolidge for a cold. Treatment will be voluntary and written consent from parents will be necessary.

While hunting in the woods, near Bristol, R. I., with five companions, Philip Bisbano, 13, was instantly killed by the discharge of a shotgun in the hands of Joseph Ferri. Ferri was arrested on a charge of manslaughter and pleaded not guilty when arraigned.

Robert Sankey, Jr., 10, Bradford, R. I., was instantly killed, when according to the police, he was struck by a pistol bullet, fired at a target by Nathaniel Tinkler, a neighbor. The boy, who was playing with a dog, suddenly ran directly between Tinkler and the target.

BUTLER TO SUCCEED LODGE
Republican Chairman to Fill Out Unexpired Term.

Washington.—William M. Butler, chairman of the Republican National Committee and captain-general of the Coolidge forces throughout the nation, will be the new United States Senator from Massachusetts and the leader of the United States Senate, in fact if not in name. He will shortly be appointed by the Governor of Massachusetts.

The situation is entirely in Mr. Butler's hands.

GERMANY TO EDUCATE TAXES
Income Taxes and Business Imposts Will Be Cut Sharply.

Berlin.—Among the first fruits of the functioning of the Dawes plan and obtaining of foreign loans under the project there undoubtedly will be a large measure of tax reduction on individuals and business.

For example, the income tax will be reduced approximately 20 per cent on incomes under \$6,000 marks, with further reductions for families with children.



Teach Your Children
To Use Cuticura

Whether it is an annoying rash, irritation, cut or wound Cuticura will soothe and assist in healing. First bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Dry and anoint with Cuticura Ointment. Cuticura Talcum also is excellent for little ones.

Sample Free Mail Address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 45, Bridgeport, Conn.

Soap, Ointment, Lotion, Salve, Talcum.

Try our Cuticura Shaving Stick.

COARSE LUMP TO REFINED DOUBLE X

By HUGHES MEARN

(© Doubleday, Page & Co.)

IN THE calm, restful library Mr. and Mrs. Williams were obviously agitated. "I will speak to Virginia myself, directly she comes down. Mr. Williams persisted firmly: "These carryings-on have gone too far!"

Mrs. Williams tried to calm him. "But I am not sure, James. I could not see very well in the dark; and I was not trying to eavesdrop. Please don't say anything just now, not when she is going out to the fraternity dance."

"Kissing boys good-by!" he fumed. "What is this generation coming to?" Eventually Mrs. Williams succeeded in extracting a promise that he would wait. Customs were different, she argued. "But decency has not changed, I hope!" he broke in.

"Of course, if they were engaged," the mother tried.

"How could she be engaged to a half-dozen college boys?" he came back indignantly; "there's at least that many dogging about after her, taking her here and there and heaven knows where! And this lad who is inviting her to the dance tonight, what do we know about him? Girls nowadays don't seem—"

A ring at the door stopped his speech. Tom Seybert's voice was heard in the hall. They brightened up at the sound. Tom was a toyn boy, out of school several years, a steady business sort.

"Why couldn't she settle down with some good, solid man like Tom Seybert?" the father asked in lowered tones.

Tom had dropped in to talk over the plans of an in-town garage which a group of the suburban men were thinking of managing co-operatively. Oh, no; he was not going to the fraternity dance.

"My dancing days are over," he said. They joined in his laugh; he was only twenty-four; but they beamed on him in open admiration.

"Tom," Mr. Williams asked abruptly. "What do you think of girls kissing boys good-by?"

"Father!" admonished Mrs. Williams.

"That's all right, mother," he waved a hand at her. "I'm not mentioning cases."

Tom smiled; enough had been said to tell him exactly what the case was. "What do I think of it?" he asked. "It depends on who's doing it."

"Now, see here, Tom," said Mr. Williams, "all fooling aside, you know you yourself wouldn't—"

"Oh, wouldn't I!" Tom laughed.

A three-cornered debate, warm and full of interruptions, finally disclosed to the astonished elders that Tom, the dependable Tom, had no adverse criticism to make on the custom that was so shocking to the older generation.

In the midst of it Virginia danced down the steps. She listened in delight while she daintily powdered her nose.

"The nice old pokies!" she laughed, hugging her mother to her. "It's not being more than shaking hands," she crooned, rocking her mother back and forth. "And it depends a lot on what brand you use. There are all sorts of grades, like sugar; aren't they, Mommy?"

"All the way from 'coarse lump' to 'refined double X,'" he nodded.

"But if you were engaged or married—" the mother began helplessly.

"Oh," Virginia drawled it out deliciously, "then you'd keep all the sugar for home consumption!"

The roll of car and a ring announced the arrival of Virginia's partner to the dance. In a moment he was in the library, a strikingly handsome youth.

"Isn't he beautiful, people?" Virginia stroked his sleek hair admiringly. "All us girls are just crazy about him."

Unashamed the handsome youth held out his arms to Virginia and sang:

All the girls have lost their e—
Qui-llium over muh, muh, muh, muh!

She stepped into his arms and danced delightfully within the space of a square yard, while she took up the verse:

All the girls have gone quite im-
Ter-illum over uh, uh, uh, uh!

Mr. and Mrs. Williams were so frankly dismayed that Tom put his garage plans in his pocket and set himself the task of arguing them into a better attitude toward their daughter.

"I'm ashamed," said Mrs. Williams, gazing at the door out of which the two gay scoundrels had just gone in such high glee.

"Well, you have no right to be," Tom grew firm. "Virginia is a fine, right sort of girl. I oughtn't to have to tell this to you."

"But she has a pack of young cubes prowling around after her," father began.

Tom laughed. "Why shouldn't they prowl? She's worth prowling for, I'll say!"

"But it's the way she treats them," said mother.

"Let me tell you two people something," Tom stood up and went at his argument. They looked at him in open pride. He was the sort they liked; he was their kind of young man—sensible, busineslike, nature; he didn't wear wasplike clothes and sing and dance around instead of talking like a human being.

And all the while he was drawing a picture of the "bad girl" of the day. "Why," he said, "you two wouldn't know one of these real nasty ones by sight. They've changed their colors completely since you were youngsters. But there isn't one of bad in Virginia. Virginia! She's as near a saint as they make 'em; and you two had better find out the difference and believe it. Kissing the boys good-by? Of course she did! What's the harm in that?"

He did not leave them until they were comforted. He filled them with faith in their own, not a difficult task usually, until they had begun to be ashamed that they had ever questioned Virginia.

Nevertheless, they stayed up for her. Mrs. Williams took a nap on the sofa in the far alcove, but Mr. Williams sat before the grate in the library and thought. And then he, too, dozed.

Voices on the porch awakened him. He recognized Virginia's bubbling low laugh. The stillness of the night made him know it was quite late, probably after one o'clock. Virginia and her young man, he thought apprehensively. "I don't like that fellow," he whispered. More quiet, intimate laughter. Anger seized him. What did these young fools mean, prowling around his fine young girl at all hours of the morning; kissing probably, and heaven knows what! His father would have stepped right out there and sent that young man about his business. He knew he didn't dare do that himself, and turned over the fact.

Virginia tripped suddenly into the library. "Father!" she whispered. "Are you awake?" She raised her left hand and displayed a shining ring. "Like it?" she asked mysteriously.

"My God!" he ejaculated. The remark brought mother into the scene. Virginia ran to the porch and called: "Father says it's all right. He's awake. Come in and help me break the news."

Father stared at the figures in the doorway. "Tom!" he cried. "You don't mean it's Tom!"

"Sure, it's Tom," said Virginia. "Who else?" A light came to her face. "You don't mean to say," she gasped incredulously, "you haven't known it for years and years?"

They hadn't even had the glimmer of a guess!

"Oh, but we're so glad it's Tom," the mother cried.

"Just listen at the dear old pokies!" said Virginia to Tom. Then she kissed him, a careful and deliberate kiss.

"Refined, double X," remarked Tom judicially.

Monkeys in Demand in English Cities

Quite a considerable trade is done in monkeys in Liverpool and round the London docks, says London Answer.

In these days the great majority of the creatures arrive in sailing vessels, of which there are still quite a number, because the big liners are usually too busy to take notice of such articles of commerce.

The length of the passage, too, has often the advantage of acclimating the little creatures before they arrive. On a vessel reaching the docks, the animals are sold to Italian or Jewish dealers at prices varying from 15 shillings to £5 (\$3.75 to \$25). The variations in the prices are due to the different states of health in which the monkeys arrive.

While in the hands of middlemen or brokers the little animals do not, on the whole, have a bad time of it. They are carefully fed and kept very warm, and usually have plenty of room and romp about, or fight, which they do continually. The broker has numerous "assistants," chiefly among the Italian ice-cream or organ-grinder fraternity.

When he has found his customer the broker often has to receive payment by installments, and of course makes a correspondingly high profit, charging for a small "Jacko" at least 15 shillings. Very often the poor little beasts die from consumption, their great enemy in these northern latitudes, before the payments are complete; and it is not uncommon for an organ grinder to be paying for a dead and a living animal at the same time.

On the whole, the "pugs," as they are known in the trade, are well treated, and if it were not for the changeable climate they would live a decidedly happy life.

All the town's upset and stu-
tered-lion over uh, uh, uh, uh!

Mr. and Mrs. Williams were so frankly dismayed that Tom put his garage plans in his pocket and set himself the task of arguing them into a better attitude toward their daughter.

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"But it's the way she treats them," said mother.

TRINKETS OF SLAIN SOLDIERS UNCLAIMED

5,000 in Collection at the War Department.

Washington.—There are more than 6,000 poignant human interest stories buried here in Washington—unwritten because no "outsider" can find words potent enough, untold because the persons most interested cannot be found to tell them. Each story is materialized represented by a trinket, paper wrapped, lying in a special room of the War department.

War stories they are—tales of soldiers who have fought in battles here and in other lands, who have died in service and whose relatives have never been found. Their trinkets, their jewels and keepsakes, taken from their still forms on fields of battle, all are there awaiting for the call of someone who has the right to claim them.

Good luck charms there are by hundreds—charms which failed to keep their owners safe from harm. And there are decorations and medals of all kinds which testify to the valor of their winners, though there is none to know they were won.

Strange Stories Never to Be Told.

Strange are the stories that the trinkets would tell—if they could; stories of reckless desire to win distinction for someone back at home; tragedies of human hearts made rashly brave because someone did not care; debonair eagerness for experience—and heartbreak for countless families left at home to wait and hope.

There are hundreds of photographs of beautiful girls, smiling or sad-eyed, taken from breast pockets of soldiers on battlefields. There are diamond rings, fashioned for feminine hands, which went to the war with their purchasers because "someone" withheld her consent. There are remnants of bullets and toy cameras whittled of wood. There are costly gems, Liberty bonds and sums of money.

Families have doubtless been left destitute but could not be given the wealth these soldiers possessed. Other apparently worthless trinkets would be priceless to mothers, fathers, wives and sweethearts of those who died.

But all have been unclaimed. John W. Robins has their charge. His is the task of locating relatives to whom those belongings of service men left on battlefields and in camps should be returned.

But all have been unclaimed. John W. Robins has their charge. His is the task of locating relatives to whom those belongings of service men left on battlefields and in camps should be returned.

At least, so says Dr. James S. Greene, psychonanlist and founder of the Ephiphany club. Ephiphany is a Biblical word, meaning "thou shalt speak."

The two steps that lead to the entrance of the tabernacle were formed of timbers taken from the dance hall. One of the boards carries a bullet fired from a "45," evidence of one of the many shooting scrapes that enlivened the old resort. The heavy timbers comprising the supporting columns and the roof beams were taken from the dance halls. The church seats 700.

"I think," said Rev. F. F. Stewart, the presiding elder who conceived the idea, "that it was in the nature of an act of Providence that we were able to convert these places of disrepute into a house of worship."

Loving Is Said to Be
Cure for Stuttering

New York.—Do you stutter? A little loving will cure it. If you are not of an amatory disposition, dancing is a slower, but equally sure remedy.

At least, so says Dr. James S. Greene, psychonanlist and founder of the Ephiphany club. Ephiphany is a Biblical word, meaning "thou shalt speak."

The 2,000 members meet once a week. They go through exercises. Then Doctor Greene starts them talking of love. They dance. Ergo, their speech becomes normal.

The only disadvantage, if it should be called such, is that most of the patients cured of stammering fall in love.

Doctor Greene's motto is:

"They don't stutter when they say: 'I love you.'"

River Bandit Specializes in Women for Ransom

Galatz, Roumania.—Operating up and down the Danube river in a powerful motorboat armed with a machine gun, Terenti, notorious pirate, is still at large despite the united efforts of both Roumanian and Hungarian police to catch him. One of his late adventures was to fight his way through a company of Roumanian soldiers near France.

A youthful lieutenant wore a sorority pin over his heart when he died. With only the name of the sorority search was started and inquiry at college after college finally located the girl to whom he had been engaged and made possible the marking of his grave.

Only a few weeks ago a family ring worn by a soldier of the Civil war was returned to the widow, who, for all these years, had thought it lost.

Of the thousands of soldiers who have died in the service of this country, the effects of more than three-fourths have been returned to those who have the right to them.

River Bandit Specializes in Women for Ransom

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Tereint makes a specialty of captures for ransom, and he prefers to gather in women and children of well-to-do families. He shows consideration to the poor fishermen and farmers along the river, who are friendly to him as a result, and warn him of the activities of the police. He recently found two girls who had been bathing in the river near Galatz and whisked them away in his speedy boat before they could make an outcry.

Price of Insulin Cut
to \$7.03 Per Patient

Toronto, Ont.—The price of insulin, a specific for diabetes, has been reduced from \$14.00 per patient to \$7.03 per patient per month. It was announced here by the government, which supplies it to sufferers free of charge if they are unable to pay for it. Improved methods of manufacture are responsible, it was stated. The cost of the free treatment was \$34,484 for the first 12 months.

Alcock, Ontario—

DANCE HALL YIELDS TIMBER FOR CHURCH

Pulpit Is Made From Top of Old Bar.

Durango, Colo.—The old Greek saying "out of bad wood good smoke sometimes comes" was applied here when a "community tabernacle" and its parsonage were built out of timbers and materials taken from a once notorious gambling resort and dance hall and from an erstwhile brewery.

The tabernacle, built by the Free Methodist church, was recently dedicated. Its altar rail was made of part of the bar against which the lumberjacks, miners, coppersmiths, Mexicans and gamblers of forty years ago used to lean. The bar's foot-rail was converted into the hand-rail of the steps leading into the church. A Bible now rests on the polished walnut where the liquor of the early days was placed, for the top of the bar has become the pulpit. The altar was constructed from other parts of the bar.

The church rests on a foundation of stone, heavy timbers and iron beams taken from both the dance

Charles M. Cole, PHARMACIST,

302 THAMES STREET

Two Doors North of Post Office
NEWPORT, R. I.

WATER

ALL PERSONS desirous of having water introduced into their residences or places of business should make application to the office, Marlborough Street, near Thames.

Office hours from 8 A.M. to 5 P.M.

WHY

Emotions Have Great Effect
on Physical Health

The fact that our emotions affect our health is often overlooked. Many people continue to worry and be discontent without any thought of this danger to health. Dr. H. S. Copeland says worry destroys sleep, reduces the appetite, sets the nerves on edge, and results in loss of weight and efficiency. Worry not only makes the sufferer miserable, but it affects everyone associated with that individual. The effects of right thinking on the emotions and its reflex effects on health are said to be greater than would naturally be supposed.

Mental attitudes have a lot to do with health because the emotions affect the heart. To have good health and long life the heart must not miss a minute of its activity. Even under normal conditions the pressure of the heart is tremendous, and when affected by the emotions this pressure is greatly increased. Emotions of every kind affect the heart. Sudden fear, anger, sorrow or any such disturbance of the mental state causes undue demands on the heart. Frequent repetition of such conditions may bring permanent impairment of the heart.

Temperance in all things is about the best way to stop the emotions from producing their ill effects. Temperance in eating, in amusements, in work, in emotional life, etc., will go a long way in making a person comfortable. Temperance will also aid in controlling the number of years of one's life.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Why Iceland Thinks
of Building Railroads

Iceland is one of the few countries in the world that have no railroad. That does not mean it is unprogressive, nor that it is behind the times. So far a railroad has not been thought necessary. The country is small and communication is cut by fjords, mountains and lava beds. Until recent years the only transportation was by means of ponies over stretches of what could hardly be dignified by the name of roads. Occasional ships called at Reykjavik, and at rare intervals went up the west coast of the island. Mail was sent inland by pony express. Now, however, the roads have been improved, and though ponies are still used more than anything else, there are motor cars in Reykjavik, the capital city; in Akureyri, the second largest city, and in many of the small fishing communities. In addition quite a number of steamships go round the island, all of them carrying mail.

For some time, however, the problem of railroad construction has been occupying the inhabitants in and around Reykjavik and in the southern lowlands. Those in favor of having a small railroad built have gone so far as to have a route surveyed and estimates made of the probable cost. Should the plans go through, it would mean a railroad of perhaps eighty miles in length running south and east from Reykjavik.—Maurine Robb in the Current History Magazine.

Why Iceland Is Idyllic

Icelandic women have not yet learned the restlessness changeability of their sisters in more thickly populated business centers, with regard to fashions. The national costume has remained unchanged for a thousand years. The skirts of the women's national costume always have been homespun. Their bodices are faced with silver thongs, and fastened with large silver buckles, hand engraved in Iceland. Their caps, which they wear in place of hats, are made simply from a piece of black homespun, or silk, and trimmed with a long tassel. Icelandic women and girls wear their beautiful fair hair in two long braids, a most becoming coiffure when crowned by the dainty black cap with its long, flowing tassel. And no Icelandic girl would deign to blemish her perfect pink and white complexion with artificial aids to so-called beauty.

Swans Not Songsters

Swans have been favorites of people since ancient times. Greeks called them the birds of Apollo. There are two fine species of swans in America—the Trumpeter and the Whistler. They build their nests along the shores of lakes and on islands, from the Dakotas north to the Arctic regions. People used to believe that a swan sang but once, and that was when it was dying. This is not true. The swans are great trumpeters, but they never sing.

Be Careful When
Choosing LiningInterior of Coat Should Be
Soft, Attractive, Service-
able and Easy.

Did you ever "buy a coat for its lining?" inquires a "Jap" correspondent in the Kansas City Star.

Then you're probably a devotee of lovely linings. You know that if you buy a handsome lining for a wrap, you are sure to see that the wrap itself and the gown you wear under it do not cheapen the lining. Every garment you have, however simple in style, must "live up" to that lining.

So, as you pause at the lining counter, select your material with an eye to beauty as well as durability. It is generally economical, anyway, to get as good a lining as you can afford. But it is also quite possible to get an inexpensive one that will both look and wear well.

The best economy is to buy a guaranteed silk for your lining provided you can afford one of good quality. A good grade of some well-wearing and good-looking mercerized cotton cloth, however, is infinitely preferable to a cheap silk.

Foulards and crepe de chine are rather expensive, but they are among the best of lining silks, since they are usually durable as well as beautiful. Satin, like silk, is lovely if it is good satin. But loosely woven satin "catches on everything." Here again, if you cannot afford the best, you will do well to choose your lining from mercerized materials in satin weave. Satin, for instance, will not only outwardly many a coat, but may be had in quite handsome effects.

Since your lining should be comfortable as well as ornamental, you will avoid any material that would be rough or "scratches" against the neck and arms. The durability of stiff linings is uncertain, too, so softness is, in general, the first thing to look for in linings.

Firm weave, which will not permit of "roughing up" and pulling, is next; and then, don't forget that your coat lining must have a fast color, for the protection of the gowns and blouses you wear underneath it. Test the fastness of the color by rubbing a white handkerchief over the cloth. If any color comes off on your handkerchief, you may be sure that friction and perspiration would mean the ruination of any garments that come in contact with the material.

All in all, the requirements of a desirable lining, whether expensive or not, are that it should be soft, attractive, serviceable, not easily crushed, and, above all, comfortable.

Australian Leopard and
Beaver Make This Coat

Australian leopard and beaver, with bands of dark fur, affording an added jauntiness to the spotted pelts, combine to make a charming short garment.

Lingerie Ribbon Strap
Gift for Bride's Shower

A lingerie strap made of ribbon will make an attractive gift for a bride's shower. The strap is put around the piles of lingerie, and keeps the different garments in neat separate piles in the drawer. It may also be used in the linen closet for keeping the linen pieces stacked together. To make the strap get a piece of ribbon two inches wide and a yard and three-quarters long. After forming a loop with the ribbon the ends are run through a casing which is made from two pieces of cardboard as follows: Cut two pieces of cardboard two inches long and an inch and a half wide. Cover these pieces on both sides with white ribbon or silk. Work a little cross-stitch pattern on the silk which is to form the top side in the same color as the ribbon from which the strap is made. Sew the two pieces of covered cardboard together by overcasting the edges at the top and bottom, leaving a casing through which to run the ends of the ribbon.

**Small Hat With High
Square Crown Is Liked**

Happily for all concerned, several new styles have taken the place of the little bell-shaped hat in the affection of the wearers. The tiny hat still rules supreme, and no wonder, for it seems to fit the tubular outline to perfection. The small hat with a high square crown is one of the newest and best liked hats of the moment, and these are seen with the brim turned up in front or in back, or with a brim that is straight.

Combined With Black

Royal blue and white are the colors most frequently combined with the fashionable black. Flat crepes and the satin back crepes predominate.

Tunic Blouse of Henna
Faille. Scallop Trim

Displaying an attractive tunic blouse of henna faille. The trimming of rows of scallops in the same material goes to make up an outfit that will appeal to many women.

Old Friends Are Found
Among "New" Fabrics

Among the "new" fabrics for fall some are new and some are not. Some are very old friends with entirely new names.

There are some also which are old friends, but so changed is their appearance that for a moment we seem to have merely a bowing acquaintance, until we examine them more closely.

But whatever the appearance of the material we are sure to find on touching it that it is always softer and more pliable to the touch.

We seldom hear anyone say anything about blue serge now. It goes by a half-dozen different names, and while it has lost none of its warmth, it seems much more closely woven, and is decidedly lighter in weight. Other weaves, like wool reps and wool crepes, have divided honors to some extent and tricotine has also appeared in the one-piece frocks that used to know only serge.

What is sold of serge is equally true of the materials of suede-like surface. One seldom hears the word "duvetin" any more and in reality there is very little of that fabric, as we knew it, seen anywhere. But some of the new fawn-skin fabrics show about a half's breath of change from duvetin; they are thinner, lighter and more supple, while losing none of their warmth. Certainly there are all kinds of fabrics for coat and frock in the pile kinds, but that pile is not so high and not so thick. It looks as if it might have been clipped down and smoothed off. Even where there are checks or cords in the material the blocks do not rise so high from the surface, except in some of the sports materials.

Absence of Any Sheen
Noticeable in Woolens

One noticeable difference in the woolen fabrics this year is the absence of any sheen of any kind whatsoever.

The only exception to this is an occasional piece of broadcloth with its smooth satin-like surface.

Silks are just the opposite on their surfaces.

Silks, bengalines and failles, alpaca and new silks, called by different names, are glossy and lustrous. Satin has not the mirrored effect that is deeper and handsomer looking.

Bengaline and faille have quite a high finish, while alpaca is more glossy and less likely to wrinkle than it has been.

Both the wool and the silk pile fabrics are much more serviceable than they were when they were first introduced.

And when we remember that duvetin, shortly after the war period, was from \$12 to \$20 a yard, and none too durable at that, we can see how wonderfully improved both in looks and service all the materials of this nature have become.

Some of the new plaids have a soft wool foundation plaided with a silk thread.

One in navy blue plaided in cherry red is very pretty and very smart in a street frock.

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and these are seen with the brim turned up in front or in back, or with a brim that is straight.

Slave Bracelet's Lure

The lure of the slave bracelet is very great.

Everywhere one sees it worn, from simple gold-linked bracelets to more elaborate affairs of colored enamels combined with gold.

Quite the newest bit of costume jewelry consists of a harpin with several links of colored enamel separated by links of the gold. These look extremely well when worn in connection with the bracelets.

Danger From Wire Tags

Farmers and dairymen should be aware of the wire tags that come on feed bags, and other bits of metal,

such as nails, pieces of wire and screws, which may find their way into the feed.

Once swallowed, such objects may find their way to the heart of the animal, causing death.

Care exercised in keeping the feed clear of

these things may be the means of saving to the herd some of the best cows.

"War" Map Shows
Tuberculosis AreaWar on Cattle Disease Goes
on With Increasing Vigor
in United States.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The war against animal tuberculosis, under the leadership of the United States Department of Agriculture, goes on with increasing vigor from month to month. In order that the country-wide situation may be clearly understood, and that the various regions may know just how much work they have ahead of them, the department recently prepared a new "war" map which shows the extent of the plague in all the states.

Show Progress Made.

On this map the shaded areas, varying from solid black to pure white, show what progress has been made and how the different regions compare. The scattered white spots indicate the modified accredited areas, those counties in which the infection has been reduced to 0.6 per cent, or less. In the areas of deepest shading the infection is more than 15 per cent. The other areas have infection somewhere between these two extremes.

The area with 0.6 per cent or less of tuberculosis embraces 21,801 square miles, or 0.7 per cent of the entire area of the United States, more than 2,000,000 square miles, has less than one per cent. This is practically 69 per cent of the entire area, and accounts for the recent statement that 30 states promise to be free of the disease within eight years.

A little more than 18 per cent of the country's area has from one to three per cent of the cattle tuberculosis, the area being a little less than 837,000 square miles. Herds in areas making up 103,303 square miles, or 0.6 per cent, have from 3 to 7 per cent of tuberculosis.

The total area in which there are herds with from 7 to 15 per cent tuberculosis cattle amounts to a little more than 115,000 square miles, which is 3.0 per cent of the total area. Only 2 per cent of the area, or 60,607 square miles, has more than 15 per cent of the herds infected with the disease.

The average per cent of infection for the herds of the entire country is 8.8.

These figures are the result of averages obtained from the testing so far done. The percentages apply to the total cattle population, which is estimated to be 63,027,013 head, but the size of the cattle population in the different areas is not in proportion to the area. A large area of 2,000,000 square miles in which there is less than one per cent of tuberculosis is about 69 per cent of the country, but contains only a little more than 60 per cent of the cattle. The area of greatest infection includes 4.8 per cent of the cattle.

Many Cattle Tested.

During the month of July, 478,201 cattle were tested in the United States, Wisconsin leading with 99,016 head. In 30 counties tuberculosis has been reduced to 0.5 per cent or less, the "modified accredited" areas. There are now in the country herds aggregating more than 5,000,000 cattle which have been tested once and found free of tuberculosis. Fully accredited herds contain nearly 1,000,000 cattle, and more than 7,800,000 cattle are under supervision with a view to being later accredited. In addition there are more than 2,500,000 cattle in herds which the owners have on the waiting list for the first opportunity for testing.

Canker Is Destructive
and Contagious Disease

In damp weather or in low locations canker is one of the most destructive and contagious of poultry diseases.

To avoid it, locate your house on a high, dry spot where the drainage is good.

Also make sure there are no holes or cracks in the roof and walls of the house.

Cleanliness inside the house is also important, for the organism that causes canker breeds in conditions of filth as well as dampness. The disease sometimes results from the use of moldy litter or feed, or from scratches the fowls receive from fighting, or from using sharp-edged feed or water cups that cut them.

Canker usually takes the form of hard, cheese-like patches around the eyes, mouth or in the throat of the fowl. Remove these as fast as they form with a stick or knife, being careful to make them bleed no more than necessary. Then touch up each ulcerated place with a cotton swab dipped in undiluted creolin, which can be bought at any drug store.

Another good remedy is equal parts of boracic acid, pulverized camphor and subnitrate of bismuth—dissolve the powder over the fowl's throat and mouth with a straw.

Remove all sick fowls from the main flock so that infection won't spread through the medium of feed troughs and drinking vessels.

Right Selection of
Exhibits for FairUniformity, Color and Qual-
ity Essential Factors.

The importance of proper selection of fair exhibits cannot be overemphasized.

First of all, the exhibitor should know how to select and pack his fruit and vegetables, if he expects to be a strong competitor for the prizes.

Proper selection of exhibit fruit and vegetables should begin with a thorough knowledge of the varieties and the requirements for which they are selected.

Let us say we are selecting a plate of Commercial No. 1 Ben Davis apples, which will range 2½ inches and up in diameter.

It is generally the best plan to select a little

above the average in size for the variety, should large, oversized specimens be picked.

The individual specimen in this case should be the true shape and color of the Ben Davis variety.

It should be free from all insect stings and injury, and should contain no evidence of any disease or physical defect.

In other words, the specimen should be as near perfect as possible.

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In the areas of deepest shading the infection is

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Mercury, November 17, 1849

The Newport Daily Advertiser is the title of a Whig paper which has just been started in this town by Mr. George C. Mason, well known as the author of "Newport and Its Environs," and as an artist. The number before us is neatly printed, and filled with judicious selections. Though not personally acquainted with Mr. M., we wish him success in his new undertaking.

Last Wednesday evening three young rogues of this place secreted themselves on board the steamer Empire State, for the purpose of visiting New York; but before the boat arrived they were discovered and locked up in a crate, and obliged to remain until the return trip yesterday morning.

There is a lady residing in a nearby state, 82 years old, who has had 21 children. One of her daughters has had 16 children, and another daughter 23 children. These daughters are in the prime of life, with every prospect of an increasing family. This lady had a sister who died at the age of 88 years, who was the mother of 26 children.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Mercury, November 14, 1874

Fishing is not always a remunerative business, neither does it pay as a recreative sport. A man not a thousand miles from Thames street went out for a day's fishing last week, and when he returned he had walked fifteen miles, lost a gold watch, sprained his thumb, spoiled a ten dollar pair of pants by sitting down on his luncheon, and caught one bad cold and two scupperns. On his return his favorite cat attempted to get away with a piece of clam that he had left on his hook, whereat the said cat caught the hook in her throat and could not cough it up; and his son in trying to assist her, got another hook in his toe, and the doctor had to cut it out; and to cap all, his wife was disgusted and snappy. He says that fishing may do well for a man who is born lucky, but no more for him.

"WILLIAM A. SUNDAY"

SANDED SKIES

Says a Pennsylvania exchange: American aviators using the heavens for a laboratory have learned to make rain almost at will provided they have clouds to start with. Finding a likely looking cloud charged with either positive or negative electricity, they spray it with fine sand into which they have put an opposite charge, and the cloud condenses in rain. Often a few hundred pounds of sand will start a big shower, doing many thousand dollars worth of good.

The aviators can dissipate clouds, too, by a sort of reverse process. In experiments recently near Washington, D. C., two planes using electric sand were able to "shoot down" a long series of clouds, one after another, and to wipe out cloud banks and drift wells through thick clouds.

They say they can overcome fog in the same way.

London and Pittsburgh ought to maintain an air service of this kind, and farming states may find it worth while, too.

BILLY SUNDAY IS PREPARING A THANKSGIVING DINNER FOR PRESIDENT COOLIDGE

Billy down in Nashville, Tennessee, sends hearty congratulations to the President in the following letter:

"President Calvin Coolidge:

"A year ago when I was preaching in Charleston, S. C., you honored me with an invitation to eat beans and brown bread with you and Mrs. Coolidge on my way home.

"I told you then to pick out the colors with which you would like to decorate the White House, as the American people would keep you there four years longer. You said with a smile, 'Do you believe they will?' and I told you I thought it was a hundred to one shot."

"They surely made good that prediction on Tuesday. The fattest turkey from my Oregon ranch will be there for your Thanksgiving dinner. God bless you."

"WILLIAM A. SUNDAY"

THE LAST OF HIS OLD CHUMS

A Newport man who left the town Some years ago has made A practice of returning Every now and then to keep Acquaintance green with those he knew.

And there on the Parade He finds today the only friend That has not gone to sleep.

The smiling face of this old friend Beamed on him when a boy, Both day and night, and often since When he has come to town; And now he finds it is the only One to give him joy, To welcome him with never any Semblance of a frown.

Whenever fair the weather on The morning when he comes At two o'clock, he walks the length Of old Long Wharf to share Again a pleasant greeting with The last of his old chums— The old town clock that smiles at you From State House on the Square.

TIVERTON

Two houses were totally destroyed by a fire which started at about 2 o'clock Wednesday morning in North Tiverton and assumed dangerous proportions before it was extinguished. The blaze started in the two and a half story wooden house owned by Theodore Eskow, Main Road and Conanicus street, and spread to the home of Jesse Constance.

It was necessary to call upon the Fall River fire department for aid and even the firemen were handicapped by lack of water. Lines were laid to the Fall River mains, 1500 feet away, to obtain a sufficient supply.

BRAVES DEATH TO GIVE TELEPHONE FIRE ALARM

With her life endangered by destructive flames that were rapidly consuming the building, Miss Bessie Vosper, night telephone operator at Woodsfield, Ohio, refused to leave the switchboard until she had aroused all of the residents of the town. Exhausted and nearly overcome by smoke, she was finally taken to safety, but not until the flames had actually eaten through the door of the telephone room. A half hour later the building collapsed. The fire, which destroyed seven buildings, was the most disastrous in Woodsfield in twenty years.

RHODE ISLAND GETS 100,000TH TELEPHONE

The New England Telephone and Telegraph Company recently installed its 100,000th telephone in Rhode Island. The instrument was placed in the home of Nathan D. Zull of Pawtucket, Rhode Island, although the smallest state in the Union in area, now has as many telephones as the states of Alabama or Louisiana and exceeds 14 other states in the number of instruments.

Bees Have Code of Honor

Strange bees visiting hives without carrying honey are instantly attacked, but if laden with the nectar they go unchallenged.

PORTSMOUTH

(From our regular correspondent)

Town Council

The monthly meeting of the town council and probate court was held at the town hall, with all the members present, Mr. James F. Sherman presiding.

Statements of damages done by dogs to poultry belonging to Martin Thompson, Alexander Allen, Jr., Wm. MacDonald, and David Albro, were ordered paid according to law.

The janitor was instructed to have all notices removed and kept off the town hall, except legal town notices.

A number of bills were received, allowed and ordered paid. Among them were the bills for salaries for town officials, and an appropriation of \$250 for the public library.

The council then proceeded to appoint such officers as were not elected at the town meeting, as required by law, as follows:

Town Auditors—Frank C. Cory, George H. Draper.

Overseer of Poor—William T. H. Sowle.

Commissioner of Town Farm—William T. H. Sowle.

Auctioneers—Isaac Chase, William A. S. Cummings, Harry Paquin, Highway Committee—Dist. 1, Jethro J. Peckham; No. 2, Andrew J. Walker; No. 3, Isaac L. Fish; No. 4, Earl B. Anthony.

Committee on Prudence Island Driftways—Charles A. Aldrich, Fence Viewers—Frank B. White, John E. Manchester, Frank C. Cory.

Scaler of Weights and Measures—Edward G. Ruggles.

Appraisers of Dog Damages—William W. Anthony, Rowland S. Chase, and Eugene Chase of Prudence Island.

Chief of Police—William J. Deegan.

Police Constables—Thomas Birtwistle, John Hartley, Charles Aldrich, Nicholas B. Herlein.

Town Constables—Michael J. Murphy, Frank L. Tallman.

Dog Constable—William W. Anthony.

Special Constables—William H. Butler, David B. Anthony, Benjamin F. C. Boyd, John C. Walker, Perry J. Sherman, J. Herbert Barker, Alexander Napier, Albert L. Purcell, Elmer J. Peckham, Howard W. Hathaway, Luther P. Chase, Charles Gifford, Jethro J. Peckham.

Special Constable to Enforce Liquor Law—Frederick W. Holman.

Special Constable to act under Town Ordinance—Luther P. Chase.

Special Constable with power to serve Civil Process—William J. Deegan.

Bird Constables—Isaac Chase, Albert W. Lawrence, Walter F. Dyer.

Tramp Constables—Thomas Birtwistle, John Hartley, Henry F. Anthony, Fred P. Hicks, Charles W. Anthony.

Health Officer and Special Constable to act with Health Officer—Dr. Berton W. Storrs.

Field Drivers—Dist. No. 1, David Albro; No. 2, George S. Lopes; No. 3, Luther P. Chase; No. 4, Nahum Green.

Pound Keeper—George R. Hicks.

Surveyors of Lumber and Corders of Wood—Henry F. Anthony, Isaac Chase, Perry J. Sherman.

Inspectors of Ash and Fish Measures—Henry F. Anthony, Frank Wheeler.

Weighers of Neat Cattle Slaughtered in the Town—John A. Elliott, Charles Gifford, Robert L. Purcell, Henry F. Anthony, Howard W. Hathaway.

Inspector of Beef and Pork—Nathaniel Greene.

Weighers of Coal and Other Merchandise—John A. Elliott, Charles Gifford, Robert L. Purcell, Henry F. Anthony, Howard W. Hathaway.

Commissioner of Wreck—Frank A. Munroe.

Forest Warden—Frank Paquin.

In the probate court the will of William B. Mott was proved, and ordered recorded and letters testamentary issued to Annie Louise Mott.

The inventory of the estate of Charles S. Plummer was allowed and ordered recorded. Much other business was transacted.

Mr. John Hartley, who was seriously injured in the accident on Wednesday evening of last week, is in a serious condition at the Newport Hospital. He has regained consciousness a number of times, and his condition is reported as more hopeful.

The ladies of St. Anthony's Church gave a costume party and dance at the town hall on Wednesday evening which was well attended. Some novel and attractive costumes were seen.

Rev. James Potter Conover of St. Mary's Church, had charge of the joint devotional period for officers of the City and Army and Navy Young Men's Christian Associations on Thursday morning.

New Irrigation Plan

An automobile sprayer fed by water through a flume, is offered by a French inventor as a means of watering crops in place of the present systems of irrigation.

Probate Court of the City of Newport November 8th, 1924.

Estate of John H. Wetherell

AN INSTRUMENT in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of John H. Wetherell, late of said Newport, deceased, is presented for probate, and the same is received and referred to the First day of December next, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Probate Clerk.

11-15

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

11-15

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